Week ending July 12 1947

Every Thursday Threepence

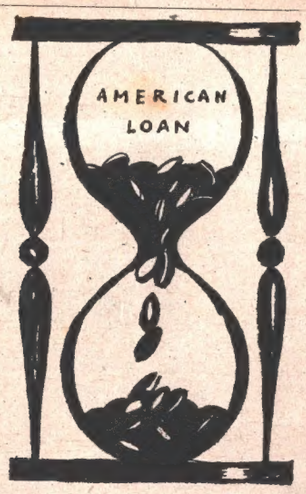
JOHN BULL

"Grass Widower" by M. Mackinlay

ENDING THE LAST GREAT PLAGUE

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

SEE PAGE 5



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If you are short of housekeeping money and you borrow a pound from the family next door your troubles are over—till you get to the end of the pound.

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What happens when we get to the end of the loans?

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If we work hard enough to increase our exports by a third we shall begin to pay our way. If not . . . well, work it out for yourself.

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Label all luggage clearly. Put an extra addressed label inside.

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T.C.P. *Regd.*

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JULY 12, 1947 VOL. 82 NO. 2141

Food Scandal Goes On

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT continue to be scarce and, when available, to command outrageously high prices.

Every housewife knows the difficulty of getting enough to feed her family, and of balancing the housekeeping budget while keeping the larder stocked with these off-the-ration extras.

Only a fortnight ago, Edith Summerskill, Under-Secretary to the Ministry of Food, claimed that the Government was going to step in and put things right. A committee was to inquire into the situation. The sale and distribution of fruit and vegetables was going to be reorganized to the benefit of the consumers.

Has that news knocked prices back to fair levels? Has it released vast quantities of vegetables and fruit for sale to the general public at moderate prices? Has it scared the spiv barrow boys and the black marketeers into honest ways of life?

Not a bit of it. Why? Because it will be months before the committee reports. And probably more months before positive action is taken.

The delay is inexcusable. For this is not a new problem. The only difference, this summer, is that it is worse than ever!

JOHN BULL has frankly exposed the fruit and vegetable rackets, and pointed to the remedy. In our recent series of articles, "Break the Food Deadlock," Claud Morris described things clearly and forcefully.

Every housewife and honest food trader knows the simple cure. Cut out the price-plundering markets, with their legions of non-producing, over-prosperous middlemen. Route everything through central and regional marketing boards at fair prices to all.

Why don't we get on with it? The Government's excuse is the claims of "more pressing" legislation.

Isn't an adequate supply of fresh food for the people "pressing"? Why must we wait until millions are pushed near the starvation line because they cannot afford to include plenty of vegetables and fruit in their already restricted diets?

Act now, Mr. Strachey. As Food Minister you can, if you try hard enough, drive out the spivs and the black marketeers without waiting for a committee to tell you how!

Money to Burn?—Save It!

THIS IS PAY-AS-YOU-EARN refund week, when ten million income tax payers get back the millions they have overpaid in the past thirteen weeks through the inevitable delay in translating the Budget increases in earned income, child and dependent relative allowances into tangible relief in pay packets.

Individual refunds range from a few shillings to several pounds. They will be followed next week and in the weeks after by permanent tax cuts ranging from a few pence to substantial weekly sums.

Although we knew three months ago that these tax cuts were coming, it is cheering to have the money jingling in our pockets. It puts us in a spending mood.

Now, just what can we buy with the extra money?

Just a minute. Don't be in such a hurry to spend these "windfalls." The Chancellor wants them back—into National Savings, that excellent extravagance-killer which helped us through the war and can help us through our present troubles.

National Savings have been slipping badly in recent weeks to far below the target of £1,000,000 net a day. Holidays, higher prices, and outdoor and other temptations to spend have resulted in heavy withdrawals of old (and reductions in new) savings.

If we are to get through our present difficulties quickly these withdrawals must be made good and the £1,000,000 a day target beaten. If they are not, and we try to spend all our surplus money, prices will rise still further, and our income tax refunds will be of little use.

Setting the Pace

MOTOR CAR PRODUCTION is breaking all postwar expectations. Car exports are topping new all-time records every month. This is excellent news. It shows what one of our industries can do when the need arises.

Unfortunately, it is not a picture applying to all our industries. Cotton, clothing, and many other trades lag woefully behindhand.

It is a case of new versus old. The motor car industry is well-organized in efficiently run units, with modern factories, good working conditions and satisfactory wage rates.

Cotton, clothing, and many of the older industries cling tenaciously to antiquated, Victorian ideas and traditions, operate in factories which are hopelessly out of date and poorly equipped, and fail to offer attractive working conditions and wages. Labour is not attracted to them.

True, with all our present shortages, it is not possible to rebuild or re-equip on any great scale. But that is no excuse for not making a start. Too many manufacturers in the older industries have been too complacent for too many years.

Not until they bring themselves up to date will they attract labour and begin, like the motor industry, to break records. We have had enough of the "what was good enough for father is good enough for me" spirit. Now it must be: "Nothing is too good for me" in all our industries and trades.

Threat to the Theatre

THERE IS A VERY GOOD CASE for reducing the entertainment tax on theatre performances. The Chancellor of the Exchequer knows this; and so he has asked three M.P.s, who are also playwrights, to advise him about it.

Theatres are an everlasting gamble. The comparative amount of money at stake in a production involving one company on one stage is greater than in any cinema, which shares its films with hundreds and perhaps thousands of other cinemas all over the world.

J. B. Priestley recently revealed that one of his plays which toured packed houses in the provinces nevertheless did not earn enough to cover the production costs chiefly because of high taxation. What a fine incentive!

We all owe much to the theatre. It is the training ground of actors and actresses not only for the stage itself, but for the screen and radio.

Without it our lives would be poorer and duller. So the present threat to the theatre is something which we hope the Chancellor, when he gets the playwrights' report, will do his best to meet.

every chemist is doing his best to keep babies supplied with

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Ostermilk No. 1 (humanized) for the first 3 or 4 months, then Ostermilk No. 2 (full cream). Both contain added measured amounts of iron and Vitamin D — to help build sturdy limbs and sound teeth. 2/6d. per 16 oz. tin.

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Your tea now costs you 4d per lb. more

Four pence per pound sounds a lot, but measured in cups of tea and the enjoyment you get out of each cup, good tea is worth the extra cost.

The Ministry have done their best to keep prices down, just as they are doing their best to maintain the present 2½-oz. ration.

No section of the home trade is allowed any extra profit.

Tea is still the cheapest beverage of all; it goes farthest besides giving you that comfort and stimulus you so badly need in these days of food shortage.

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At what hour is sleep deepest?

Some interesting experiments have been made to find out which hour of sleep is the deepest. As a result, it is now known that we are hardest to wake during the first hour. But, oddly enough, this is not the hour of most relaxed sleep, because the longer we sleep the more relaxed we become.

So there is no simple answer to the question of when sleep is deepest. What we do know is that *deep* sleep is more important than *long* sleep. This truth has been proved by those who take Horlicks at bedtime. Horlicks gives the deep, refreshing sleep we need for abundant energy next day... Horlicks remains in short supply.

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Hovis

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD

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PERSIL WASHES WHITER

PER 1106-621

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

V.D. THE LAST GREAT PLAGUE

There are 70,000 cases of venereal disease in Britain every year—a total made grimmer by the number of families whose happiness the scourge affects. What fresh measures can be taken to stamp out this menace?

FIVE YEARS AGO, venereal disease was something scarcely mentionable. When referred to at all, it was described—with self-conscious prudery and vagueness—as "a social evil."

Today, there is no secret about the meaning of the letters V.D. A national campaign to educate the general public on the facts was launched in October, 1942, with a broadcast by Sir Wilson Jameson, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health. The campaign has continued at intervals ever since.

Posters, advertisements, films, lectures, and broadcasts have all been used. The Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Information and the Central Council for Health Education have co-operated in tearing down the veil of secrecy which formerly shrouded the subject.

There is no excuse for anyone continuing in ignorance of the salient facts. All that you need to know about the clinical features of V.D., about the first signs and symptoms, has been publicised widely. There are books and pamphlets easily available everywhere and the increasing knowledge about V.D. on the part of the ordinary man or woman figures as a large item on the credit side of our wartime experience.

Knowledge about V.D. is the first step towards controlling it. What would have happened in the war years *without* the knowledge that has been made public is something no medical man likes to contemplate.

Public Must Know the Facts

Venereal disease is the last great plague. It remains relatively uncontrolled because it presents special problems. To control bubonic plague, typhoid and other diseases, only the doctors and laboratory workers need to know the facts.

To control V.D. requires the co-operation of every adult in the country. Yet for most of the first half of this century that co-operation was never even sought, because "the social evil" presented "certain problems" which could not even be whispered about except under one's breath or between inverted commas.

The real educational campaign has been under way for five years now. How much has it achieved? In my view, a great deal.

Twice as many people as before have attended clinics to be reassured that they were not suffering from V.D. Before 1942 about 37,000 cases seen at V.D. clinics each year were diagnosed as suffering from some condition "other than V.D." These were the people who had some trivial condition and were wise enough to make sure that it was not V.D.

Once the educational campaign was under way, this figure rose steadily to reach a peak of 85,000 in 1945.

"Other than V.D." is an important group. If 100 people report to a V.D. clinic and they all have V.D. then there are probably 100 cases, mostly women, suffering from V.D. and not reporting for treatment. If 100 people are seen and fifty have V.D. and fifty some condition "other than V.D." then it is likely that most of the cases in that area are reporting and are under treatment.

Only a doctor can make the first diagnosis of V.D. on the signs and symptoms. People now realize that much more clearly than they did before. They know, too, that only a specialist with complete laboratory facilities can confirm the diagnosis by microscopical examination of smears, blood-tests, and other special techniques.

Doctors Need Co-operation

Doctors and specialists are much happier when public awareness is such that people report to them on the slightest sign of anything wrong. Then half the cases are early cases of V.D. and therefore easily curable. The other half are "other than V.D."

In steadily increasing this last group, the educational and propaganda campaign has served us well.

Parallel with the wartime educational drive, there was also a legislative approach.

I knew one young woman who was not a prostitute. She was merely young, ill-educated and promiscuous. She honestly thought that she was helping the war effort by "being nice to the boys," as she put it. She infected seventeen soldiers with gonorrhoea before she was persuaded to undergo treatment. There were scores of similar enthusiasts, some of them prostitutes, many of them amateurs.

In November, 1942, Defence Regulation 33B was enacted in an attempt to deal with this aspect of the V.D. problem. This regulation, which means that compulsion can be applied to make a man or woman undergo examination and remain under treatment, affects only persons reported by V.D. specialists as having infected two or more patients. Two

EDITOR'S NOTE

Because John Bull is a family paper, read by both sexes and all ages, this article is printed on both sides of a single sheet of paper. Parents who do not want the younger members of their families to see it can, therefore, remove it easily. But before they do so, we invite them to read the article and consider the truth of its main point—that only through the spread of knowledge about the venereal diseases among young people as well as adults can these terrible diseases be brought under full control and eventually stamped out. So we ask you to think—and think again—before you remove these pages

This is how Britain can stamp out the scourge of venereal disease

reports to the specialist from different patients obviate the risk of a mistake and guard against the possibility of blackmail.

The results have been fairly good. In 1945 some 8,500 women and 174 men were reported as responsible for two or more V.D. infections. Only half these people could be traced, but of those who were traced the big majority underwent examination and treatment. The number who had to be prosecuted—where persuasion had failed—was only a handful.

This regulation brought some of the more difficult cases to the clinics for diagnosis and treatment. The educational campaign brought many more.

If V.D. had continued to be shrouded in the mystery that surrounded it before the war, we should probably have had an epidemic exactly like that which spread all over Europe when syphilis was first introduced there.

Columbus did not invent syphilis, but he and his sailors did bring it back from the New World to Europe, where it spread like wildfire.

Although the war created new records in sexual promiscuity, we were spared a V.D. epidemic. But there was a great increase in the number of men and women infected.

The chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health in 1939 recorded the lowest figure ever for cases of early syphilis—just under 5,000, as against 9,000 in 1931, the first year in which these figures were recorded.

In 1943 there were nearly 10,000 new cases of early syphilis and by 1945 there were 10,741. In other words six years of war doubled the number of cases of syphilis, which is exactly what one would expect.

The same change was seen in cases of congenital syphilis. In 1939 217 syphilitic babies were born. This was better than 1931 when the figure was 339. It was also better than 1945 with 326 cases of congenital syphilis under one year old.

Cases of gonorrhoea did not increase to nearly the same extent. In 1939 we had 31,000 new cases. In 1945 there were 33,000 new cases.

Broken Homes

At the moment, allowing for patients treated by their own doctors and not by the clinics, it is fair to say that in this country we have rather more than 70,000 new cases of V.D. every year.

That is the size of the problem. And it is worth remembering that each of these cases has its inevitable repercussions on the family and friends of the affected individual. In other words, each may mean a broken home.

The methods of treatment available have improved enormously in the last few years. But this improvement is of no avail if those who are infected dismiss their condition as " just a strain " or " only a sore " and fail to seek treatment at the first suspicious sign.

The whereabouts of the nearest V.D. clinic can always be discovered from the posters about V.D. or by telephoning the local Health Department.

What happens to the thousands of patients wise enough to report early to one of the 229 V.D. centres scattered throughout the country?

In the first place their treatment is free. And in the second place it is secret.

Clinics go to a great deal of trouble to keep their patients anonymous. A confidential clerk writes down a name and address and gives the patient a card with a number on it. He knows the name and the number. He has no idea whether the patient is one of the 70,000 V.D. cases or one of the 85,000 " other than V.D."

The doctors and nurses and orderlies who do know the diagnosis never know the name. They know only the number.

So anonymity is carefully preserved and the patient gets treatment of an effectiveness undreamt of ten years ago.

The discovery of the sulphonamide drugs made all the difference in the world to the treatment of gonorrhoea.

In the five years before the discovery of sulphonamides we had 20,726 cases of gonococcal infection of the eyes in newborn babies. They were treated with silver nitrate and this cured most of them. But 157 babies were left with impaired eyesight and thirty-eight others were completely blind.

In the five years after the sulphonamides came into use we had 21,326 of these cases. Only fifty-five of these babies had impaired vision and only nine became blind.

Considering the large number of cases, the results in the first five-year period were good. And in the second five-year period the results with the sulphonamides were three times better.

The sulphonamides also altered the whole picture of treatment of gonorrhoea in adults. Treatment could be completed in one week instead of three.

Penicillin's Role

Now, penicillin is generally available and the improvement has been just as dramatic again.

The treatment of gonorrhoea, which the sulphonamides reduced from three weeks to one week, can now be completed in one day.

The treatment of syphilis, which does not respond to sulphonamides at all, used to take a full year. With penicillin it takes ten weeks.

A word of warning is necessary here. The period of treatment is not the same as the period of observation. It will be ten years before the exact results of penicillin treatment can be assessed with any finality.

Ten years is not a long time if you think of gonorrhoea and syphilis as diseases which, untreated, will last a lifetime.

Penicillin seems to cure permanently both venereal diseases. In ten years' time the cases that seem to be cured today will be examined again. It will be possible to say then, *but not before then,* that penicillin does permanently cure both diseases.

It is for this reason that cases of V.D. must continue under observation. Observation is important. It is also painless and it is conducted by appointment, in the evenings or at whatever time suits the patient best. It is a matter of taking a sample of blood and a specimen of urine for testing. Broadly speaking, cases of gonorrhoea should be observed once a week for three months, cases of syphilis once a month for two years.

To sum up, the V.D. problem is a big problem but it is growing less. Diagnosis is precise and treatment has improved out of all recognition in the last ten years.

Propaganda continues and better treatment is available than ever before. Regulation 33B helps to bring under treatment some of the more dangerous and promiscuous carriers.

What more should be done to bring this problem under control?

There are, in my view, two logical lines of development, one for immediate application and the other as a later aim.

Immediately the educational campaign about V.D. should be continued by every possible method. There was not much sense in a horror-stricken hush about the subject when treatment was in its infancy. Nowadays there is every reason for fully informing the public about the whole problem and about the effectiveness and simplicity of modern methods of treatment.

I think it is most important, however, that V.D. facts should not be taught in isolation. V.D. arises because of failure to solve sexual problems.

Extra-marital intercourse, which is by far the most important source of V.D., has no appeal for the husband and wife whose marital happiness is complete. Instruction about V.D. should be a minor but natural corollary to general sex education. Sex education should be given as a normal sequel to elementary biology.

Nobody allows an adolescent to rush into business without an appreciation of the fact that two and two make four. Anybody can rush into marriage without a clue as to the physiological equivalent of the mathematical platitude.

People should be taught not that hell-fire awaits adulterers but that extra-marital intercourse is never necessary and rarely desirable.

The only way to prevent V.D. is by not indulging in extra-marital intercourse.

With improved teaching there should be improved facilities for diagnosis and treatment. The 229 V.D. centres are not enough. Attached to each centre there should be almoners and social workers. To persuade defaulters—people who start treatment and fail to complete it—to continue under observation. To trace contacts and bring them under treatment. And, more important still, to help men and women patients with the minor problems of life.

Given three things—more and better clinics; many more social workers; and an even greater public awareness of the facts about V.D.—the time would be ripe for the next step.

This would be to make syphilis and gonorrhoea notifiable diseases.

A man with smallpox or a child with measles is not allowed to infect other people. Because they are infective and therefore dangerous to others, their liberty is restricted. They go to hospital.

We used to have huge epidemics of smallpox in this country. Then legal measures were instituted: compulsory vaccination of all infants and, if necessary, compulsory hospital treatment for actual cases of smallpox.

So far this year there have been only fifty-nine cases of smallpox in this country, whereas over the same period there may well have been some 40,000 cases of venereal disease.

I think the time is almost ripe for gonorrhoea and syphilis to be treated in the same way legally as other infectious diseases. The legal compulsion would be needed in only a handful of cases, but those are the cases which are largely responsible for the spread of V.D.

Notification of V.D. should also be accompanied by the pre-marriage blood-tests which are compulsory in many American states, and the blood-tests on pregnant women which are compulsory in, for example, New York. Many hospitals perform these tests as a routine. As many more lack the necessary facilities.

Complete Control in Ten Years

The answer to the whole problem then, in my opinion, lies along the twin lines of education and notification.

Education is the more important, and it may be that, with a sufficiently high standard of sex education, compulsory notification would not be needed. Compulsory notification now would probably be premature.

But after another twelve months or perhaps more of intensive education and propaganda—in which the Press and the B.B.C. could play a most important part—notification would be either acceptable to the public at large, or unnecessary. Probably the former, but just conceivably the latter.

Whatever the exact methods adopted, it is true to say that by taking vigorous measures on these lines, V.D. could be brought under complete control within a matter of ten years.

Officers of London's Worshipful Company of Butchers went to Buenos Aires to confer their "Freemanship" on Gen. Peron (right) following last year's Anglo-Argentine trade pact. On left is Senora Peron

Lady of the new ARGENTINE

by HILDE MARCHANT

Eva Peron's Fascist salutes during her visit to Europe have upset some people. What is the truth about the country and regime she represents?

IF SENORA EVA PERON had come to this country as Miss Argentine, 1947, she would certainly have got considerable publicity. She is an extremely handsome woman and she carries with her the most elaborate wardrobe that the old world has seen since the war.

Her good looks and charm would have drawn attention to a country that we generally notice as having supplied us with tins of corned beef.

But, if that was all, political commentators would scarcely have shown so much interest in the visit she has planned. The interest springs from the fact that she is the wife of General Juan Domingo Peron, President of the Argentine.

It was he who gave special significance to her European tour when he cabled General Franco, saying, "I send you the heart of Argentina."

With that she became the priority visitor from a nation that has been turned upside down and inside out under the new regime of the Peronists.

A few of the people who noted the changes in the new Argentine twelve months ago gave it the handy classification of "fascist." Then came the goodwill visit of Eva Peron—with Madrid as her first stop. Controversy arose when, after accepting lavish hospitality, she responded with a Fascist salute.

Her husband and her British friends insist that she is more than a glamour girl. They say she represents the modern Argentine and is a political figure in her own right. Was the new Argentine accurately represented in the cosy fraternization between its leading lady and Franco?

To know the state of this new nation one has to know something of General Peron. He was elected twelve months ago by a big majority in the first free election the Argentine had known for thirty years. His opponents were the old Liberals and Conservatives who had joggled each other in and out of power, although each supported the privileges of the wealthy landowners and industrialists.

General Peron's Party is called the "Laborista," or Labour Party. He promised war against the powerful cattle and banking families and was carried to power on the shoulders of the *descamisados*, "the shirtless ones." Those with two shirts, he said, must give one to those who have none. In spite of being wealthy and coming from the military caste, he was believed.

His wife played an important part in this election. She was the poor girl who had done well. Coming from a family of smallholders, she had made a career for herself on screen and radio. She was extremely good-looking; she was also a convincing talker on social reform.

Peron began to move quickly. He took control of the banks and stock markets. He took over and nationalized the British railways and the U.S. telephone companies. He introduced social services which had never been heard of before in the Argentine—unemployment benefit, old age pensions and assistance for the sick.

Some of his European customers were disturbed when he introduced State trading. All prices of export goods were fixed. This year alone Peron plans to make £120,000,000 out of State deals. As Britain is the chief buyer, we will pay extra for meat, hides and wheat.

He then announced, in candid and belligerent fashion, his general policy to foreign capital invested in his country: "I will live to see the day when not an inch of ground or breath of air is foreign owned or controlled."

Five-Year Plan

A short while ago, he announced a five-year plan. Because such a phrase is associated with Communism, he prefaced his statement by saying: "Capitalistic democracy as a world force is dying. The choice is between Socialism and Communism. We do not want Communism."

His plan seeks to industrialize a nation that has largely relied on agriculture for its wealth. And it presents a social security programme for the workers who have never before shared that wealth. Any estate that is neglected or not fully productive is to be turned over to the peasants to farm on a communal basis.

Peron claims to have studied the social security plans of Beveridge and the British Labour Party. When his plan becomes law it will cover all workers "from the cradle to the grave." Every Argentine citizen will be able to retire on pension at sixty. Health, education and housing are all dealt with in the plan. These are Eva's special subjects. She has said she wishes to study them in Britain.

Until a short time ago it was believed that the Argentine had a population of 14,000,000. Last year Peron ordered a census. Everybody had to stay indoors while it was taken. As a result, two million "lost" people were found and registered—putting the figure at 16,000,000. Even so, it is a small population for a million square miles.

The Peron plan aims at the following results by 1951: a forty-three per cent increase in industrial revenue over the 1943 figure; thirty-four per cent more jobs; and a fifty-two per cent increase in wages. The workers will participate in the profits and control of the factories.

His plan is certainly highly nationalistic and, to a degree, Socialistic.

Peron says: "All broad plans of Government are similar whether democratic or totalitarian. The difference lies in the fact that while the latter are concerned with war as an end, this proposal of the Argentine Government is directed towards peace and tranquillity."

In that case it is as well to look at his annual military budget. And over this point Peron behaves rather like a dictator. His constitution allows the estimates for military affairs to remain a secret. They are not divulged in the budget.

Before the five-year plan, forty-five per cent of the budget went to the armed forces. As the modernization of the army is part of the plan, this figure can hardly have been lowered.

Bargains With Food

Some of Peron's methods of making agreements with his neighbours are rather suspect. His bargaining power is food. He used it to get Chile to deliver coal, metal and oil.

The Americans fidget as they see him trying to make his country the strongest force in South America. The Peron plan will cut deeply into the export markets of the U.S. and Britain there.

But to back his plan Peron needs foreign immigrants and, above all, foreign technicians. Immigration has been thrown wide open. To this extent, Peron must court the U.S. and Europe. Crudely put, the outlook is beef for technicians.

A recent traveller to the Argentine was Lord Strabolgi, the Labour peer who has defended Eva Peron and the regime.

Strabolgi answers the charge that Peron is a Fascist by pointing out that the elections were undoubtedly free. "One of the more unusual aspects for a government in that part of the world is that they are friendly to the Jews," he adds.

As for the newly equipped army. . . . "I don't see anything sinister in this. Most countries are keeping a modern army. The Argentinians are proud of their army and, above all, of their new navy. But Fascism? No. It was natural that Eva Peron should go to Spain. It is the mother country. It was natural she should also go to Italy, for Italians are the second largest group of nationals in her country.

"The third largest group is British, and she wants to come here to see some of the projects of this Labour Government. We should welcome her in good faith."

As a final judgment, Peron's friends call him a "realist."

And in that category they put Eva Peron's Fascist salutes. When in Rome do as the Romans do. If, when in Britain, Eva Peron will do as the British do, hide her dazzling jewels and take a close look at our rations, her visit will be of value to her and to us.

Private View of Marshall

SHY STATESMAN

GEORGE MARSHALL rose from private to administer the giant army of the U.S.A., deploying it (together with an air armada of more than 69,000 planes) with the confident exactitude of a super chess player.

And last month, as America's Secretary of State, he offered a plan for European recovery. But the man is not so well known as his achievements.

This is odd, on the face of it. Lean, grey-haired, soft-spoken and not un-handsome, he could bang the drum if he wished. But he doesn't wish. He subordinates himself, utterly, to the job in hand. He has no outstanding characteristic, either of appearance or mannerism. He has avoided home political controversy. He is a slogger, a sticker, a dogged doer; in fact, a disinterested public servant.

Marshall was born in Uniontown, a Pennsylvanian village, in 1880. His father was a local coalowner and a stubborn Democrat in a thoroughly Republican district. George was an attentive but indifferent pupil at school; his main interests were sport and detective stories.

He had few vices, and enjoyed going to St. Peter's Episcopalian Church—but was dismissed from his task of pumping air into the church organ "through having become deeply absorbed in a Nick Carter novel." His ambition was to be a soldier.

George should have gone to the military academy at West Point, but the endorsement of a Congressman was necessary. Uniontown's representative was a Republican, who refused to oblige Marshall, the Democrat. So George, at the age of seventeen, put on a private's uniform and joined Virginia Military Institute.

He was gawky, sensitive and shy, and proved a slow starter. As a freshman he was thirty-fifth in his class; he was fifteenth when he graduated in 1901, and in his senior year showed a capacity for leadership and a passion for football.

Flashes of unusual character had already appeared. Soundly rebuked for having unpolished shoes, he used so much spit and polish on them for the next two days that he was then reprimanded for wearing patent leather. When a friend accidentally ran him through with a bayonet during a rag, he lay near death for days, but refused to give the name of the culprit.

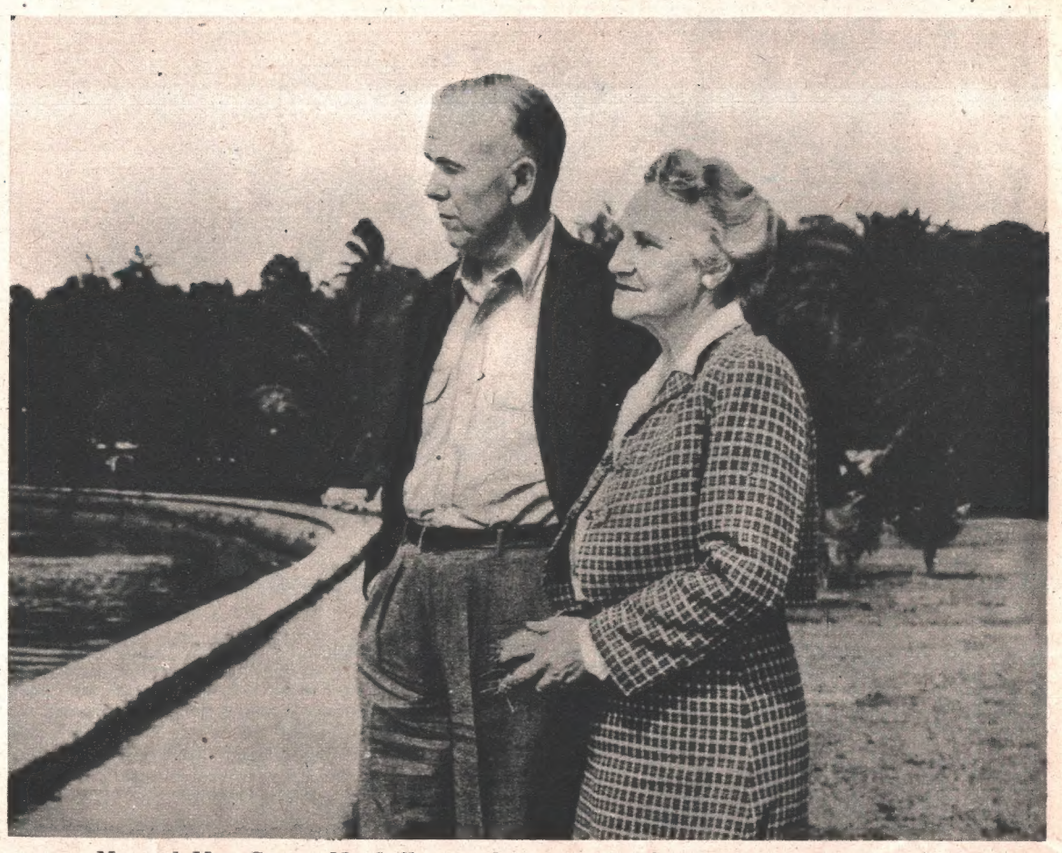
In 1902 Marshall was commissioned second lieutenant in the U.S. Army. He was posted to the Philippines. During large-scale manoeuvres there the army high-ups discovered that they had an exceptional man.

At a critical moment the Chief of Staff was taken ill and Marshall was asked if he could give a field order. He immediately dictated his orders, deploying troops and munitions, supply trains and medical corps, with a staggering precision.

A few days later General Bell gave a lunch to twenty of the officers. He had campaigned in the Philippines, he said, and knew the terrain from end to end. Marshall's strategy was not only masterly—the best defence scheme he had seen—but showed that he had put in immense study, far more than would ever be necessary in his immediate duties.

"Watch Marshall," said Bell. "He is the greatest military genius in America since Stonewall Jackson." A desire to be on top of his job without making a to-do about it is typical of Marshall.

During the first World War, Marshall acted as aide-de-camp to General Pershing. He added to his reputation by the transfer of 600,000 troops, with all their supplies, from St. Mihiel to the Meuse-Orgonne Sector, entirely by night, in utter secrecy and within two weeks.



Mr. and Mrs. George Marshall . . . their marriage has been rated ideally happy

Between wars he dropped out of public sight. He served in China, acted as instructor in various army establishments and worked for thirteen years to recapture the rank of colonel, which he had been given, temporarily, in France. In 1938 he was transferred to the War Plans Department of the U.S. Army General Staff at Washington, when Roosevelt jumped him ahead of twenty major-generals and fourteen brigadiers to promote him to Deputy Chief of Staff.

The day after Germany attacked Poland, Marshall was made Chief of Staff. He showed an unhurried grasp of detail, shrewd judgment and a flair for delegation. He was less in the public eye than Eisenhower, though when he came to Britain in 1942 to discuss the projected North African offensive, he made a deep impression on our High Command.

His refusal to be put off by anything that is diffuse or vague makes him a good administrator. There is no record of his ever vacillating. "Make up your mind what you want to do, and do it," he says.

HE rises at six, gets the gist of the news from the papers by six-thirty, has a small breakfast and a ride on his horse, "Prepare," and is at his office by seven-thirty. Weighty memoranda are summarized for him; letters and memos are written with the maximum economy of words; the relative urgency of each of the affairs in hand is clearly established in his mind before he gets down to business. He is exacting with subordinates, but gets loyalty from them.

President Truman calls him "the statesman and soldier to whom, as much as to any individual, the United States owes its future."

Some would call him dull and dry. Yet the truth is that Marshall is so little concerned with trivialities that he has time to grasp significant things.

His ability to think in world terms and his clarity of mind together with his administrative capacity make him a good choice as America's "Foreign Secretary" at this critical time in world affairs.

That job, especially the European end of it, demands a knowledge of history, both military and political, and an understanding of the role of Bread. Poverty and insecurity are the midwives of violent political change. Marshall's plan for Europe shows his grasp of economic realities. And his willingness to include Russia in the scheme was a touch of realism of which not many Americans, with their anti-Russian phobia, would have been capable.

MARSHALL has been married twice. His first wife died in 1927. A few years later, returning by ship from Honolulu, he met Mrs. Katherine Tupper Brown, a Baltimore widow; their marriage has been rated ideally happy.

His hobbies are gardening, riding, shooting and reading Sherlock Holmes mysteries. He has no food fads except a liking for strawberry ice and a horror of shrimps.

Europe has something to thank Marshall for already. Without his lucid and uncompromising advocacy of a huge American army, the overall strategy by which the Axis was defeated would not have been possible.

His love of America does not warp his judgment. Speaking of the days before Pearl Harbour, he was bold enough to say: "In good conscience this nation can take very little credit for its part in staving off disaster in those critical days. It is certain that the refusal of the British and Russian peoples to accept what appeared to be inevitable defeat was the great factor in the salvage of our civilization."

Marshall has no enemies, but few friends. Nobody comes very close to him. The nearest he approaches to unbending is when he lapses into football jargon to add force to his reports, such as that on the offensive in France: "The tanks made the holes . . . the infantry carried the ball."

Mrs. Marshall says that he loathes flattery, circumlocution and escapists. He is really a shy man, whose attitude to personal fame is nicely shown by the reply he gave to somebody who asked why he didn't want the title of marshal.

"Oh, come," he said. "Nobody wants to be called Marshal Marshall."

A COTTAGE IN THE COUNTRY

by CYRIL JAMES

For a farm worker in a "tied" cottage, the sack means that he is not only jobless but homeless. He has a just grouse—but the farmer also has a case

IN SUMMER-TIME the cottage looks delightful—from the lane. The garden glows with peonies, lupins, cornflowers. Sturdy children play along the garden path. White sheets billow dazzlingly on the clothes-line. There are roses round the door.

Wordsworth would have started a sonnet on the spot. Any water-colour painter worth his prussian blue couldn't help setting up his easel instantly.

Yet this picturesque cottage is today the core and symbol of a struggle that has been going on for more than eighty years, an unrelenting tussle that has just reached a new climax.

For this is a tied cottage.

There are about 200,000 of them in this country. More and more are being created by the farmers every year and 1,558,000 members of the Labour Party, rejecting the plea of their own executive, are demanding that they be abolished immediately.

A tied cottage is usually one which stands on a farmer's land near the main farmhouse. It is owned by him and let to one of his workers. The farm labourer may occupy that cottage only so long as he works for its owner. Once he loses his job, he loses his home.

He pays a tiny rent for the cottage—usually between 3s. and 5s. a week—but no matter how regularly or for how long he has paid it, the moment he ceases to work for the farmer, out he must go. Whether the labourer has left his job or has been dismissed, the law stands firmly on the side of the farmer when he says: "Get your things out of my cottage or I'll put them out. I want the place for the new man who is arriving at the end of the week."

The farm worker must stand by and see his wife, family and furniture ejected from the cottage "without unnecessary force" by an employer who is not obliged to find him alternative accommodation. In certain cases, the farmer can put him out on the roadside without even applying to the courts for an order.

Farmers Are Adamant

Now, at first glance, this appears such an unfair state of things that it is a wonder legislation was not introduced years ago to give farm workers the rights enjoyed by tenants in the towns.

But the farmers, on their side, have been able to put up such a strong case for continuation of the tied cottage system that successive governments, after examining the problem, have left it more or less where it always was.

Even today, with a Socialist Government in power—elected on, among other things, definite pledges given to rural voters that the tied cottage would be abolished—the tied cottage still exists, and Mr. Aneurin Bevan's persuasive eloquence could not get party members to withdraw their conference resolution asking for its abolition.

It is significant that this resolution was backed, not merely by the 156,000 members of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, but by nearly a million and a half other workers with no personal interest in the issue.

What has the farmer to say in defence of a law which gives him the right to deprive an employee of job and home simultaneously, without bothering his head what happens next?

This is what he will tell you:

"I cannot get men to work on my land unless I can offer a cottage with the job. It might have been possible when there was a surplus of labour for the land. But in these days if I need, say, a cowman, who is likely to be called out at all times, in all winds and weather, I must provide him with a cottage near the job, so that he can live on top of his work.

"If I get rid of him or he sacks *me*—this will happen increasingly under full employment—where am I to put the new man? In some cottage, miles away, so that he must cycle long distances to work while my ex-employee, or his family, still occupies the cottage near the job? Am I to lose the right to a piece of my own property that is essential to the working of my farm?

"No, the solution is to build more houses for rural workers, just as more houses are being put up for the miners and more are being promised for the railwaymen. Abolishing the tied cottage will not help matters a bit—and anyway, even when there are more free houses built by local authorities, you will find plenty of farm workers who will prefer to stick to my tied cottage at 3s. a week rather than take a council house at 12s. 6d."

They Are "Tied," Too

If you want to continue the argument, the farmer will point out that he is not the only person who owns a tied cottage. Married quarters in the Services, in the Metropolitan Police; houses belonging to the Coal Board and Forestry Commission; houses belonging to ambassadors—these are all "tied" to the job.

It was following this line of thought that Sir Alan Herbert recently burst into verse:

"But 1945! What happened then?
Did Churchill stay in No. 10?"

Now, any controversy which reaches to the point of finding some parallel between Winston Churchill leaving Downing Street and a cowman being thrown out of a 3s. a week cottage is clearly no tiff that is going to be settled easily.

Bitter feelings underlie the struggle, rankling memories that go back to the farmers' undoubtedly bad record in the administration and maintenance of cottages and the callous treatment so many farm workers have received from their employers.

True, there are some "model" tied cottages. But surveys undertaken by county authorities provide an overwhelming answer to the fortunate few who speak of low rents, efficient maintenance and considerate employers.

A report on rural houses in Northamptonshire ten years ago—and matters have certainly not improved since then—ended with these words: "The pitiful conclusion remains that over 4,000 dwelling houses in rural Northamptonshire—one in seven—are unfit for human habitation and have not yet been dealt with by the housing authorities."

Examination of 5,198 houses in the Spalding area in 1940 proved that there were approximately 1,500 worn-out or extremely dilapidated houses to be dealt with by demolition or thorough reconditioning. In the New Forest, of 700 properties examined, 255

Farmers blame low rents, lack of materials for the bad state of cottages such as these

"No water supply . . . leaking roofs . . . just a rough ladder leading up to bedroom floor . . ."

were found unfit for habitation. In Sussex, out of 1,016 rural houses examined, only twelve were found fit in every respect.

Not all these cottages are tied, but many of them are, and farm workers claim that their condition is generally worse than that of other rural houses.

At the present moment the tied cottage, on examination, provides a picture far different from its flower-smothered, sunshine-flecked exterior.

No water supply, no electricity, no drainage, leaking roofs, broken window frames, bulging ceilings; cottages with just a rough ladder leading to the bedroom floor; rat-holes; vermin—these are things the summer tourist does not see from the outside.

Farmers reply that, what with low rents and shortage of materials, it is not an easy matter today to recondition cottages that may be over a hundred years old.

The contention of the workers is that the farmer, possessing such arbitrary control over his property, is not likely to put himself out to improve conditions.

And even a rat-infested, tumble-down cottage is better than no place at all. Being thrown out of any sort of home is not pleasant.

That is why the long series of rural evictions, carried out sometimes with callous speed and near brutality, has disturbed the public conscience and brought unusually strong comments from the judicial bench.

After working on a Welsh farm for thirty-five years, John Rossiter, aged sixty-five, was dismissed by his employer. The old man protested to the farmer that he had nowhere to go except to the workhouse. The farmer carried his application to court and Judge Frank Davies, making an order for possession, said to the old labourer: "I cannot understand why an employer treats an employee like this after all these years. I make the order with great reluctance. I am sorry for you, but I have no alternative."

Law Favours the Farmer

The farmer knows that when he takes these cases to court he is bound to win, and the fact that during this year 130 court cases concerning ejection from tied cottages were heard suggests that he acts on this knowledge. For every case that reaches court, it is estimated that six evictions take place without any court argument.

There are today two forms of occupancy of a tied cottage; by a tenant and by a service occupier. A tenant is usually an ordinary labourer and the service occupier is, as a rule, a stockman, cowman or shepherd.

When the farmer wants to evict a tenant he applies to the magistrates, who have no power to withhold an order if the farmer proves he has another employee waiting to move in.

The service occupier is in an even worse position. He can be thrown out without any court order. But if the farmer wants to make doubly sure, he applies to the county court, which then treats the dismissed service occupier as a "trespasser" and often awards costs up to £15 against the wretched man who is being ejected.

Nor have the farmers hesitated to use their advantage in other ways. Now that there is a shortage of labour on the land, tenants of tied cottages are used to being told that their sons, when of working age, are expected to enter the farmer's employ.

Girls, too, are needed as servants in nearby big houses. In fact, "One boy for the farm . . . one girl for the rectory" has in many districts become the unwritten rule which the tenant of a tied cottage knows he must observe if he wants to keep his job and his home.

This throwback to feudalism found its frankest expression in a letter which a large firm of farmers sent to tenants of tied cottages in Lincolnshire.

"As tenant of a service cottage in the above estate," the letter ran, "please take notice that all labour residing in the cottage shall work on the estate if, as and when required. No member of the household must obtain work away from this estate unless he or she previously obtains permission in writing from the office to do so. Permission will only be given in exceptional circumstances."

Letters like this and eviction cases of the type I have mentioned have sunk deeply into the consciousness of all who work on the land. For them the tied cottage has become a symbol of all that is tyrannical, reactionary and bad.

Yet the farmers demonstrate their belief in the tied cottage by creating more and more of them.

Over 5,000 cottages have been "tied" during the last four years. More than thirty per cent of the people ejected following the creation of these tied cottages were themselves agricultural workers.

The present position resolves itself into this:

The farmer protests that he cannot do without his tied cottage, although he agrees that more houses should be built. The tenants insist that until the system is abolished farmer-members of local councils will never seriously get down to a housing drive.

A Seventeen-Year Stalemate

What is to be done? What *can* be done?

As long ago as 1930, a committee was appointed to inquire into tied cottages. Three Labour members of the committee recommended that no tenant of a tied cottage should be evicted from his home without suitable accommodation first being provided. Three members of opposing political views recommended that tenants be given a month's notice to quit. The Ministry of Health's representative disassociated himself from both groups.

This stalemate ended the last official attempt to settle a problem which still vexes landworkers.

Today the Government feels that it should be allowed to settle the matter as part of its long-range housing plan, visualizing a time when, with ample rural houses, the tied cottage will cease to matter.

And what of the farm worker himself? What does *he* want?

He has made his wishes clear. He is tired of living in isolation, of cycling long distances to a cinema or pub. He is tired of seeing his children forced to go such long distances to school. He believes his wife ought to be able to buy her rations without going five miles to the nearest butcher's shop. He is waiting for the improvement of rural transport services, for the fusing of existing hamlets into planned communities.

He knows that when farm workers cease living in scattered cottage units and are gathered together, then he may stand a better chance of seeing new schools, playing fields, community halls.

Meanwhile, the tied cottage continues to look charming in its summer dress and at this very moment some holidaymaker is turning to his wife and saying: "Look at that lovely old place. You know, my dear, there's something to be said for getting away from it all. . . ."

"But Daddy, I can't do without him"

Talking Points About

THE SEASIDE

SEASIDE HOLIDAYS BEGAN as a fashionable cure for the rich. In 1752, Dr. Richard Russell published a treatise, "Dissertation on the Use of Sea Water in Diseases of the Glands." Encouraged by its reception, he set up a practice in Brighton, then Brighthelmstone.

★ ★ ★

Patients taking the sea-water cure drank the salt water as well as bathing in it. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, first went to Brighton in 1783 because his neck glands were swollen. He wore a large handkerchief to conceal them. This started the fashion for cravats.

★ ★ ★

In 1818, at Brighton, a suite consisting of "two parlours, two bed-chambers and pantry" cost 5s. a week. The first Brighton pier, 1,136 feet long, was built in 1823. "It will last a thousand years," said the builder; in fact, it collapsed in 1896.

★ ★ ★

In the early nineteenth century the Royal Family frequently stayed at Weymouth, where the band played the National Anthem when the king entered the sea. Scarborough was the first watering place to be fashionable. A print of 1735 shows a bathing machine on the sand, and close by a sedan chair.

★ ★ ★

Bathing machines, constructed "in order that bathing may be conducted with safety and propriety," were invented by Benjamin Beale, but he made no money from his invention, and his widow died in an almshouse. They came into general use at Margate in 1750.

★ ★ ★

Blackpool first became popular about 1790. Edward Whiteside started there what was probably the first seaside boarding house in England; he called it a "Company House." In 1802 the *Manchester Mercury* carried advertisements for Blackpool's sea bathing. Any man who lingered on the sands after the ringing of the "ladies' bell" was fined a bottle of wine.

★ ★ ★

In the "hungry forties" a Mr. John Dawson chartered a train from Sheffield to Llandudno. The railway directors thought him mad, but so many people—the first "day trippers"—turned up that the tickets had to be cut in half. After that first terrible day, Llandudno tried to ban excursions—the visitors, referred to as "locusts," drank all the beer and ate every scrap of food in the town.

★ ★ ★

Now the seaside is booming. Rentals are high. At Margate, for example: children's roundabout, £750; donkey ride pitch, £100; Punch and Judy pitch, £60; sand artist's site, £20. Last year Blackpool got £5,000 from renting sites for ice-cream stalls and oyster bars; and the deck chair concession brought in £17,250.

★ ★ ★

Holidaymakers like weighing themselves. In 1863 Daniel Rogers asked the Shanklin Town Council if he might set up a weighing machine; he got the permit free. Last year, at Southend, a plot of Marine Parade about two feet square, site for a penny-in-the-slot scales, was rented at £100 the season.

★ ★ ★

This year Great Yarmouth boarding-house keepers, desperately short of crockery, appealed to intending visitors to send them all the cups and plates they could spare. Good prices were given in the form of credit notes which the hotels, and certain motor coach companies, were prepared to accept as cash.

★ ★ ★

Notice on Southend "tanner a time" miniature greyhound race game: *Money back if the dogs fight.*

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

Life today and prewar • Shakespeare's or Bacon's? Our decline in world sport • Meaning of intuition

Q. "Don't you feel far more discontented now than you did before the war? — And an honest answer, please!"

You shall have an answer as honest as I can make it. (Which does not mean that all the others are dishonest—please!) And that answer is—no.

Mind you, I am answering for myself, and I am not a young housewife and mother, struggling with queues and shortages, nor an elderly bewildered person trying to live on a dwindling income.

I am enjoying life more today than I did before the war. To begin with, although the future may be dark and uncertain, I see no immediate peril that compares with the threat of prewar Nazism.

There may be war again, but at least nobody *wants* it now. This country may be poorer than it was in 1939, but it is not really poorer in the essentials and we are far more wideawake than we were then.

Our population is no longer a horrible mixture of the undernourished and the overfed. I do not have to blush with shame now when I think of certain areas of this country.

And now to be personal, for that, I take it, is what the questioner wants me to be.

My health seems to me at least as good as it was before the war, and I suffer less from my liver than I did when food and drink were more plentiful. Not being a dressy type, I do not find that clothes rationing bothers me.

It is true that I spend most of my time earning money for the Inland Revenue and not for myself, but although I grumble now and then, I am not really worried about it.

Some shortages do affect me strongly. For example, the shortage of paper and labour for books, and the ban on building new theatres, both of which throw large spanners into the works of my professional career. But I look forward to a time when things will not be so bad.

Certainly, travel and holidays are not the fun they used to be; but I feel I had more than my share in the old days and so really must not grumble now.

I do not find people any worse than they were before the war (it was the first World War that made the real difference) and on the whole our national life seems to me far less silly and empty than it was between the wars.

Some moralists tell us that there is more money-grabbing now than ever, but I would say that there is far less, and certainly far less than there was in the years following the first World War, the hysterical "Twenties."

I meet a fair number of typical young people, and they seem to me both sensible and lively, and rather better specimens than we were at their age.

Undoubtedly there is too much shabbiness, dreariness and Spivvery about, especially in London, which seems to me to have suffered in these respects more than any other English city. But I see no reason for sackcloth and ashes; and I should like to think that any discontent I feel is really the "divine discontent" that keeps Man toiling upwards.

And that is as honest as I can make it—thank you!

★

Q. "Is there any good evidence for the belief that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were really written by Bacon?"

Not in my opinion. This cranky notion seems to me to be based on an ignorance of Elizabethan literature, an insensitiveness to style, a curious snobbery, and a complete lack of understanding of the mind of the creative artist. (It is significant that writers and genuine literary scholars rarely favour this Baconian theory.)

Thus, what Bacon's essays and the Shakespearian plays have in common is merely what is common to Elizabethan literature in general. But the difference in manner, style and general attitude of mind between the dramatist and the essayist is immense.

If the plays were not written by the actor-manager, William Shakespeare, they were certainly not written by Bacon.

Nor have I, for one, ever seen any particularly good reason why we should not assume that Shakespeare's plays were written by Shakespeare. The idea that they must have been written by a more learned man is nonsense. A man of the highest literary genius, like Shakespeare, is amazingly quick at picking up whatever is useful to him, such as the jargon of any trade or profession.

Again, Shakespeare's contemporaries accepted his authorship of the plays cheerfully enough. They never suggest any great mystery about it.

As for the evidence from ciphers and codes, this is just ingenious bosh. Using such methods, I could undertake to prove that the plays were really written by Philip II of Spain or the Emperor of China.

★

Q. "Does it really matter that we lose so often now in international sport?"

The answer is no. It is a great mistake to try to base national prestige on sport. Victories and defeats at games are often a mere matter of luck.

Thus, to take one game as an example, we did well at lawn tennis for several years during the thirties because we happened to have one or two outstanding players like Fred Perry. At the moment we have no such outstanding players.

What does this prove? Nothing whatever, in my opinion. Britain was not a finer country when Perry was winning the Singles Championship at Wimbledon than it is today, when we do not happen to possess a player of this class.

This season my native county, Yorkshire, cannot produce a cricket eleven equal to its all-conquering teams of before the war.

Does anybody seriously believe that this proves that Yorkshire folk and institutions are not what they were? No, of course not.

Well, it is the same with the nation.

Let us get on with the task of organizing our national life properly, and stop talking nonsense about games.

★

Q. "Do you believe in intuition?"

I believe there is such a thing as intuition, although I do not think that all the people who claim to be intuitive actually possess it.

There can be no doubt, however, that certain types of minds have the power of arriving at true judgments without going through any conscious reasoning process, and it is this power that I would call "intuition."

It has nothing to do with sex, though women on the whole are probably more intuitive than men.

But a good deal of so-called "feminine intuition" is not the genuine article at all, but merely a trick of making hasty, slapdash judgments, and the unfortunate result of such judgments is common history.

*** **If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests, or appeals, please.**

ARE YOU HAPPY IN YOUR LEISURE?

We all know we need increased output to pay our way. That means work. But most of us work to live, not live to work. Final target is a fuller life. And that needs planning, just as the drive in the factories does

WORKING HOURS ARE getting shorter. The five-day week is already the rule in half a dozen great industries. Soon it will be the rule in all.

Measured in human terms this is something pretty big. The beginning of a new way of life. The groundwork of a social revolution.

For the difference between a two-day weekend and a day-and-a-bit weekend is more than chronological. You can really make something of two days.

Two days a week. One hundred and four days a year. Add holidays with pay, now the right of fifteen million people.

It works out at around a third of the year. If you reckon by hours—waking hours—more like two-thirds.

That's a lot of time. All your own time.

Remember, too, that machines are taking most of the hard slogging out of work, so that more and more people are left with plenty of energy at the end of the day.

You have to admit it: the long-heralded age of leisure isn't coming—it's come. But no one's noticed it.

Released from the Treadmill

No one has noticed it because we're still in the grips of a pretty bad hangover (with crisis complications) from the hard cash age when the workers had to go on till they dropped just to keep alive and the bosses were too busy making money to care for anything else.

A treadmill from which the worker had no escape save by sleep, drink, or the blueing of a year's stinting and saving in one wild fling at Blackpool.

Now all that belongs to history,—indexed "Industrial Revolution."

Now we, the people, are coming into our own. We are being given back our lives again.

Nothing less.

You hear a lot these days about an alleged fall in the standard of living. But leisure is an important part of the standard of living. And our time-income is rising fast. This raises two questions:

Do we know how to spend it?

Have we enough to spend it on?

Logically we must take the second question first.

There are cinemas, football grounds, dog tracks, dance halls. There are swimming pools, libraries, pubs. There are back gardens.

But when 46,000,000 people crowded on to a very small island have a lot of time on their hands a great deal of provision and planning at the very highest level is necessary if they are to be enabled to get the most out of it.

A great deal of thought has to be given to this thing.

Shortages? No alibi there. Enjoyment isn't on points. Imagination is off the ration.

The sort of imagination old George Lansbury showed when he took a bit of ordinary grass in Hyde Park and turned it into Lansbury's Lido—a place of gaiety and refreshment and colour.

The Government might reflect on the fact that this simple act of human understanding is the most remembered achievement of the second Labour administration.

It might bear in mind, too, when it exhorts us to Work Hard, that men will not work hard (though they may have to work long) just to continue to exist. Nor to attain an arithmetical target.

They *will* work hard, though, for the promise of a fuller, richer life; the sort of life most people have never really known. They will work for a Government that will plan for leisure as seriously as it plans for work.

In a recent Cochran revue, A. P. Herbert made a Socialist Parliamentary candidate, bursting into song, declare:

"I want to see the people happy,
I want to hear the people sing. . . ."

An excellent political ambition, but few would claim that it has been particularly noticeable in Mr. Attlee's Cabinet to date.

But there is hope yet. Here and there about the land there are local authorities with imagination and enterprise who are blazing a trail in the spirit of Labour pioneers like Robert Blatchford and William Morris, who saw Socialism re-creating a "Merrie England" in our industrial wilderness.

Consider the example of the borough in which this magazine is edited, the Metropolitan Borough of Holborn.

Holborn is in the middle of a great, roaring, crowded city. Considered in terms of recreation, Holborn is not promising material.

Yet take a look at the hoardings. Everywhere about the streets are borough council posters announcing a long series of open-air entertainments for both children and adults.

One advertises the swimming-pool "lido" enterprisingly improvised on a blitzed site.

"An Oasis in the Heart of London," says the poster. "Open-air Bathing; Sun Bathing; Sunshine Cafe; Kiddies' Corner; Paddling; Deck Chairs; Garden; Swimming Lessons."

Another poster offers "Fun and Games, Food and Music, Classes and Exercises" at the local Youth Centre.

Friday Night in the Square

Spend a weekend in Holborn, which seems to have forgotten that this is Austerity Britain.

The scene: Russell Square, in the heart of London. The time: Friday, 7 p.m. Behind the tall trees the red buses roll by. But, within the square, people sit on the rows of benches on the grass listening to a concert of "Old Music on Old Instruments."

Recorder, gamba and harpsichord pick out an air by Handel. The red buses roll by . . . like ghosts.

Come back at lunchtime on Monday, and a concert of classical music on the accordion will be easing Holbornites into the week's work.

People are strung out along the wire barrier, gaping. A man in an open-necked shirt goes to the microphone to tell them it's all free and they can come in and sit down if they want.

That's Mr. W. H. Bush, the highways and works superintendent.

The next time we meet him—it's Saturday after-

London Borough of Holborn has set out to brighten people's leisure hours. A planner of fun and games there is Councillor Tony Halfpenny, actor (on right). With a local official he is discussing a bill of fare ranging from classical music to Punch and Judy

by HENRY FIRTH

noon, Red Lion Square—he's at the microphone again, asking the little boy in the audience who's left his baby sister crying her head off at the corner to come and do something about it quickly.

It's a children's show this time (every Saturday at 3 p.m.)—set on the brightly painted mobile stage the council has made out of an old coal cart.

The kids—and their parents—are loving it. Mr. Bush introduces me to a young man in a white sports shirt who's sitting among them. This, he says, is Councillor Halfpenny. Councillor Halfpenny is chairman of the Highways and Works Committee . . /. and one of the principal planners of Fun in Holborn.

He doesn't look like a councillor. In fact, Tony Halfpenny is an actor—none other than "Andy Robinson" of the B.B.C.'s celebrated "Robinson Family"—which, of course, was why, when the Socialist Party came to power in Holborn last year and decided the people could use a little gaiety, they naturally turned to Councillor Halfpenny for ideas.

The ideas were forthcoming. Local amateur drama societies were invited to co-operate. The Royal Academy of Dramatic Art put on some one-act plays. The climax was the "Spanish Fiesta"—a recital of Spanish dancing staged at night with full lighting effects before an audience of two thousand.

"The audiences we get are a complete cross-section," says Councillor Halfpenny. "You get nothing like them in the theatre. A delight to play to."

"Merrie England" Spirit

Closer to the people than Whitehall, other town and city councils, too, are carrying over into peace the lessons learned in their wartime "Holidays at Home" campaign.

Nearly two million people enjoy the entertainments presented in the London County Council's one hundred parks and open spaces every year.

Before the war a fair was strictly a "bank holiday only" affair. Now the L.C.C. invites citizens to come to a series of ten-day fairs staged in different parts of London throughout the summer.

To encourage sports talent, it is promoting "County of London Championships" — with trophies, medals and all that—in half a dozen sports.

The expense of all this: infinitesimal. In fact, not much more than a one-tenth penny rate. The return: incalculable.

Birmingham's got the "Merrie England" spirit, too. Last year the Lord Mayor summoned the city's entertainment, hotel and transport interests to a series of "Brighter Birmingham" conferences.

Some results: more dinner-dances, all-night buses, a repertory company in the parks; ambitious schemes for municipal dances in the baths this winter, for an indoor bowling rink, for an eleven-acre international sports stadium, for open-air meals in bright civic park cafes.

Birmingham and Bournemouth both have their municipal orchestras; Bradford, Cheltenham and Swindon their civic theatres. And this year the L.C.C. is subsidizing the London Philharmonic Orchestra to the tune of £20,000, in return for which the L.P.O. is not only putting on a week of concerts at the Finsbury Park Open Air Theatre, but also giving a series of concerts all over London for secondary school students.

But planning for a nation's leisure in an age of leisure is a job too big to be left to a handful of missionary spirits.

She's happy because open-air bathing (and sun bathing) is one of the spare-time pleasures everybody can enjoy

It demands the maximum of encouragement, co-ordination and overall planning from the top. It needs to be proclaimed from the Whitehall rooftops as one of the fundamental objects of government in the new Britain.

One of the reasons for the rapid success of the Fascist movements in Italy and Germany lay in the insight of their politicians in providing (the last thing politicians generally think of doing) for the simple enjoyments of ordinary folk — through "Strength Through Joy" in Germany, through "*Dopolavoro*" in Italy.

Democracy Without Dullness

These movements were twisted to serve the dictators' power-lusts, but the idea behind the "People's Car," behind the workers' luxury cruise ships, remains as valid and potent as ever.

It is up to democratic governments to show as much imagination, to shake off the deadly dullness which creeps over them like a fungus.

Behind the Labour Government's planning—crisis-obscured, never sufficiently clearly stated—lies a revolutionary conception: the notion that the true end of national effort is not the accumulation of money or goods but ordinary folk's satisfaction in living.

It remains now to make this purpose explicit.

Pushed from behind by war, gingerly still, Whitehall is moving. . . .

Through the Arts Council, the State is laying out a quarter of a million pounds a year supporting some thousands of cultural projects: an idea inconceivable only a few years ago. Through Sir Alexander Maxwell's Tourist, Holiday and Catering Board, it is planning better holidays for the people. And, symbolically, after forty years of campaigning, a national theatre is at last to be built.

But do these piecemeal and still rather apologetic activities measure up to the true proportions of the need?

They do not. What is needed is nothing less than a Minister of Leisure with a small department staffed by enthusiasts—imaginative, determined, enterprising men, each knowledgeable in his own particular field of leisure activity.

After all, France — undeniably a democratic country—already has a Minister of Arts, Youth and Sport who is considered sufficiently important to attend Cabinet meetings.

Let us just have a look at a few of the things the Minister of Leisure could attend to—for a start.

Britain today is shabby and dull. Its unrelieved drabness strikes a chill into the heart of the traveller.

Paint is short—but mix it with imagination and it can still go a long way.

For instance: was it really necessary to wait till the war had been over two years to put Eros, gleaming, back on his pedestal in Piccadilly Circus? Must flags, window-boxes, colour, be reserved for ceremonial occasions only?

During the war the Ministry of Food sent an artist round the country to introduce gay frescoes

and bright colour schemes into drab civic restaurants. A Ministry of Leisure could apply that lesson at a thousand points.

British cities are desperately short of pleasant places where people can relax, where boy can meet girl or a man take his family—at no more than the cost of a few light refreshments.

On Sundays some provincial towns are like cities of the dead. There is nothing for young people to do except drift aimlessly about drab streets. The five-day week means principally that they have more time to drift in.

True, progress is being made. Hundreds of social centres have been opened; there are youth clubs; in some places the civic restaurants are moving into a new phase.

The welfare departments of some big industrial concerns have shown enterprise in organizing leisure facilities for their workers. One factory, for instance, not only runs its gardening club but has leased a reservoir—in an area where natural water is scarce—for the use of its 200-strong angling club.

A Minister of Leisure would be able to help and stimulate all such schemes, making them an accepted part of every factory's set-up.

The Cabinet is working out its five-year plan for the rehabilitation of our nation's economy.

as I was saying . . .

HERBERT HODGE is absent owing to illness. He has had a minor operation, but is making a good recovery and will resume his articles very shortly — perhaps next week

It is a plan that will call for a lot of hard work from all of us, for—in some things—a fair degree of deprivation.

A Minister of Leisure could strengthen and counterbalance that work plan with a plan for leisure, triumphantly demonstrating that there is quite a lot left in life even if butter is cut to two ounces a week.

There remains this question: Given all the means to get the best out of our new leisure, do we know how?

It is not an idle question, for you cannot make people enjoy themselves by legislation. Consider, for instance, France. Materially the French are worse off than ourselves. And yet it is hard, looking at them, not to feel they are enjoying life a good deal more than we are.

Let us face it: how many people in Britain today would be utterly lost and despairing if you took the cinema, the radio—the machine-made enjoyments—away from them?

How many are really happy in their leisure, finding it quickening, refreshing, rewarding? How many spend their "time on" at the machines waiting for their "time off," and their "time off" at other machines busily killing time till their "time on" starts again?

"The problem of leisure," they call it.

A fantastic phrase. And yet there are many today for whom leisure is actually more of a problem than a boon.

Because this is true, JOHN BULL is going to tell you, in further articles, the personal stories of people who are happy in their leisure, people who have succeeded in discovering some pursuit which not only fills their spare time but irradiates their whole lives, men and women who have this one strength in common:

That if every cinema, dog track, football ground and pool in the country were shut down tomorrow, they would still not have enough time for all the things they wish to do.

"MINE'S A CIDER"

—with beer short, that request may soon be heard more often in the "local." And the answer's easy

THE "NO BEER" NOTICES outside public houses will be seen pretty often as Britain's summer-time thirst increases. There seems little chance of better supplies before the winter, when the new barley and hops are in. Both will be late because of the cold spring.

Due to the fuel crisis, only 784,814 standard barrels of beer were produced in February, compared with 1,397,944 in January. That was a major setback.

Can cider help out the beer shortage?

There's a lot to be said for cider. It is a fine old English drink. British tribes were making it long before the Romans came. The men of Agincourt took supplies with them; a fruit tree was their battle emblem. London's soldiers learned to like it while campaigning in the West Country in 1644.

It isn't one of those "Continental concoctions" of which the average Englishman has always been wary. Its production causes no currency headaches. Properly organized and developed, the cider industry could provide all the liquor needed to make up for the beer shortage.

Just how much cider is brewed today? There is no excise duty, so it's hard to say. The output comes from hundreds of farms and inns making a few barrels a year as well as from large factories producing millions of gallons.

What the Trees Yield

A rough idea of output can be got from the number of trees in the cider apple orchards. There are more than 2,000,000 in the principal cider counties of England—Devon, Somerset, Dorset, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Kent and Norfolk.

A fully grown tree yields two cwt. of the tart, unattractive fruit which is used for cider making. The liquid works out at eight gallons for every cwt. of fruit. The likely yield, allowing for spoiled fruit and wastage, is about 25,000,000 gallons a year.

To a thirsty nation this sounds like good news. It is good—but it could be a lot better. Once it was. In 1896, when an official survey was made, the figure was given as 55,500,000 gallons.

Cider was cheap then. It cost twopence a gallon to make—and sold for fourpence. Every farm worker in the West Country took a few gallons home as part of his wages. In those days, mothers often fed their babies on cider. It was cheaper than milk. And safer than well water.

Factory-made cider reached the proportions of a major industry after the first World War. From 1916 there had been a duty; it was withdrawn in 1923.

The growing end of the cider industry has, after many years, gained the benefit of scientific culture, guaranteed prices and an assured market.

The trade is set for any development on a nation-wide scale. But there may be pitfalls ahead—judging from the experience of France, the only competing country.

The French Government has tried to overcome the wine shortage by sending cider to all parts of the country. The French makers' output is immensely larger than ours. This season they expect to have 22,000,000 quintals of cider apples going into the cider presses. A quintal is roughly two cwt.—so, on the British basis of eight gallons of cider for each cwt. of fruit, there will be a yield of 352,000,000 gallons.

It's Not a "Weak" Drink

But apple prices in France are soaring. In 1939 the cost was 15s. a ton; this year the early estimates are £15 a ton. With this sort of profit-grabbing the French Government's attempt to provide a cheap addition to the wine ration is doomed.

There is no need for that to happen here. Britain's sixty factories—most of them family businesses—must know that a sane policy will give them a fair chance of making cider-drinking almost as widespread in Britain as beer-drinking.

Already it has shown a great increase in popularity among women, according to many landlords. Some men think of cider as a weak drink. As a matter of fact, it can have an alcoholic content of as much as eight per cent, and this is usually around four per cent. The specific gravity is at least 1040; beer, which went down to 1032 during the winter, is now back to 1034.6. So whatever may be said about cider it certainly isn't "weak."

Much more important, it can become plentiful.

Unhampered by import problems or other consumers' priorities—cider apples are useless for any other purpose—the cider makers are, however, up against barrel and bottle shortages. They are in a position to increase output as soon as the delivery bottleneck is widened.

Several million pounds worth of equipment is ready. The old brick presses have become giants of stainless steel. The heavy wooden stills have been replaced by glass-lined concrete tanks.

One of our biggest factories has an array of vats holding between 50,000 and 100,000 gallons each.

It's all really up to the public now. From such tanks can pour the fermented apple juice to help out the beer shortage—if it is wanted.

F. G. KAY

THE HUMAN MACHINE — by ROFFE THOMPSON

Good Versus Evil

I WAS asked the other day the most difficult question I have ever faced. "Is there," said my questioner, "any evidence whatever that in this world good is stronger than evil?"

It would be easy to say "yes," to dismiss the question as just frivolous. But when you really think about it, you reach the conclusion that, if there is any evidence that good is stronger than evil, it's mighty slim.

You can look round you in any walk of life you choose—private lives, public lives, national and international affairs—and you will see nothing to warrant anything but a negative reply.

Good is having to make a mighty hard fight of it even to hold its own, much less conquer evil.

I don't expect agreement on this. I expect, in fact, nothing but violent argument. Nevertheless, think about it and see to what conclusions you come. And, assuming I'm right, ask yourself whose fault it is.

"*How far that little candle throws his beams:*
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Shakespeare, you see, had the same notion. But again—whose fault is it?

The world is made up of people, of you and me and millions like us. If evil outweighs good, if good cannot prevail against the weight of evil, it's no use blaming some outside force. We must blame ourselves.

We must place the responsibility squarely where it belongs—on our pettinesses, our bad tempers, our jealousies and dislikes and hatreds; on our shirking of responsibilities and our neglect of duties.

Where else can the responsibility rest if not there?

"The crest and crowning of all good, Life's final star is Brotherhood." If we really understood the implications of that word brotherhood, I fancy I could have answered my questioner in a very different manner.

FREE SPEECH

- ***Quarrels Between Indians***
- ***Family Life Shackles Progress***
- ***Sixth Form Girls Divide on Politics***

Sheffield housewife is given X-ray. This service should be extended, says a reader

PEOPLE WHO FEAR the possibility of widespread bloodshed in India when the British leave may be interested in what happened aboard the s.s. *Georgic* on her latest voyage home.

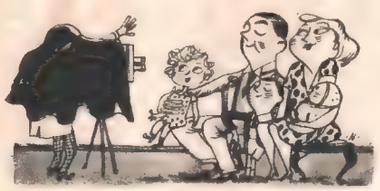
There were numbers of Hindu and Moslem Indians aboard, complete families, apparently determined to get out of their country in time.

One would have thought that, having decided to travel eight thousand miles to get away from any struggle between Pakistan and Hindustan, they would have left their differences behind. But no. Quarrels broke out in the ship, particularly among the women, who fought and tore each other's hair.

Are all the Indians who are fleeing their country going to bring their quarrels over here?—MRS. ROSE HOLMAN, 42d Poole Road, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

Bondage Thereafter

I AM CONVINCED that over-loved children are the biggest handicap to progress. Once a young man has a family he is on the way to becoming a Tory. His



initiative, enterprise and whatever poetry there is in him are canalized into one channel—he must struggle thereafter for the comfort of his offspring.—MRS. SYDNEY ELLAM, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

What the Ballot Showed

REPORTING ON A POLITICAL POLL among sixth form boys (JOHN BULL, June 14) Peter Wales wrote that two were Liberals, five Socialists, one Communist and two did not care.

At a girl's grammar school, my form, the upper sixth, has four Socialists, three Liberals, three Conservatives and one who is undecided, though interested.

The three Tories may be accounted for by the more conservative element in girls. But the important point is that while two of the boys do not care, the whole of my form is interested in politics.—RUTH L. BRENNER, 30 Courtenay Avenue, Waterloo, Liverpool.

Food for Cattle

SIR DANIEL HALL, probably our foremost agricultural authority, tells us that we cannot grow food to feed cattle and at the same time feed the human population. Professor D. M. S. Watson tells us that an animal gives us much less human food measured in energy than it has eaten, and declares:

"... Actually you get back as pork, in terms of energy, about one ninth of what you would have had if you had eaten the meal yourself instead of feeding it to the pig. ..."

To sacrifice valuable acres in order to grow animal carcases is suicidal for this country.—G. BIBBY, Llangeitho, near Tregaron, Cardigan.

Seaview in Retrospect

MY SISTER AND I have just spent a fortnight in seaside apartments and have decided landladies do not realize how small things can annoy visitors.

Paying guests do not like tripping up over loose bits of carpet in their bedroom. They like blinds that keep out the early morning light and they would be glad if the smell of cooking could be confined to the kitchen.—MISS SYBIL MILLER, 32 Montrell Road, Streatham Hill, London, S.W.2.

Quiet Weekend

A NUMBER OF country telephone exchanges, my own included, have ceased to run a repair service over the weekend.

If one's telephone goes out of order on Friday night one is completely cut off from any calls, however urgent, until the engineers come on duty on Monday morning.

If the G.P.O. cannot guarantee a seven-day service why do they not cut us off entirely over the weekend and only charge for a five-day week?

Personally I should have thought it would show a much better spirit for the engineers to run a rota for weekend work, as I suppose the operators must do.

"A fair job for fair pay" seems a point of view somewhat overlooked lately.—S. B. S., Puttenham, Tring, Herts. (Name and address enclosed.)

Pen-pushing Engineer

WOMEN ARE BEING URGED to re-enter industry. Yet take my case.

A fully qualified engineer, conscripted into the Army, I am now doing a clerk's job in an Army Pay Office which could quite easily be done by a girl of normal intelligence, while I could be serving a much more useful purpose in manufacturing goods for export.

There are dozens of men in this office in the same position as myself.—PTE. A. D. (Name and address enclosed.)

Out-of-work Builder

THE ONLY LAUGH I get nowadays is when I see the Government poster, "Work or Want."

My husband finished work in the building trade three weeks ago and although he is capable of driving a tractor or a bulldozer and is willing to tackle anything inside or out, he cannot find a job.—MRS. BEANLAND, 66 Newark Road, South Reddish, Stockport.

Housewives' Health

HEALTH OF THE WORKING MAN is now watched over with the utmost care. He has all the advantages of factory welfare and medical services. But his poor wife is usually far too busy to see a doctor when she really needs attention.

I would dearly like to see mass X-ray facilities arranged for the average housewife.—LEO HARDY, 45 Compton Avenue, Leagrave, Luton, Bedfordshire.

Farm Jobs: The Volunteer ...

ONE SYMPATHIZES with your correspondent who volunteered for agricultural work and found himself weeding a farmer's daffodils (JOHN BULL, June 14).

I and some of my friends, wanting to help the country and, at the same time get away from the factory bench, went off with a song in our hearts to do farm work.

We were put to work in a stuffy old jam factory.—JOHN T. EVANS, Causeway Green Hotel, Langley, Birmingham.

... The Landgirl

SO MANY PEOPLE COMPLAIN about their jobs that I want to tell you how happy I am in mine.

I am in the Women's Land Army and have never been so happy or so healthy in my life before.

Four years ago, when I joined up, I thought I would never get used to the hard work, bad weather and early rising, but now I get a deep satisfaction from the outdoor life and I have signed on for a further term.—MISS MARY LEARMONTH, Hotel Buildings, Leuchars, Fifeshire, Scotland.

... The Boy Helpers

JOHN MAY PLEADS for a Men's Land Army (JOHN BULL, June 28). Boys, he asserts, like farming. But do they?

As a schoolmaster, I supervise a group of boys from the sixth form who help local farmers with the harvest each year, for which they get token payment.

My experience is that the novelty of harvest gathering wears off after only a few hours, and the boys spend the rest of the time playing about and dodging the toil that effective land work involves.

Surely the truth is that the whole stress of our civilization is on superficial enjoyment, to which the idea of long hours of manual labour in all weathers runs completely counter.

No, the only way to get an adequate labour force for the land is by conscription.

John May says a voluntary spell on the farm would fill the gap between a boy's leaving school at fifteen and being

JOHN BULL QUIZ

CREATURES

(1) Ducks quack—what do asses, rooks, apes, and beetles do? (2) What is "Pigeon's Milk"? (3) What odd feature is common to all marsupials? (4) Why was the giraffe once known as the camelopard? (5) What happens in the allegoric novel, *Animal Farm*, by George Orwell?

ROYALTY

(1) Who is the only Queen-monarch of a major country today? (2) Who is the pretender to the throne of Spain? (3) What countries were ruled by Zog; Carol? (4) Which monarch last looked to the right on English pennies? (5) Who is next in succession to the British throne after Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret?

RECENT FILMS

(1) What is the principal feature of the film *Carnegie Hall*? (2) What is the film about the making of the atom bomb called? (3) Betty Hutton takes the part of an earlier film star in *The Perils of Pauline*—name? (4) Who fight the *Duel in the Sun*? (5) Which film won nine Academy Awards this year?

SPORTS

(1) In what sport might you try "herringboning"? (2) Where and when are the next Olympic Games to be held? (3) What are the approximate speeds of a Derby winner; a champion sprinter over 100 yards? (4) What is the highest score that you can make with three darts? (5) What British title was won by "The Babe" this year?

ROAD SAFETY

(1) On which side of the road is it safer to walk when there is no pavement? (2) Can a cyclist be prevented by law from hanging on to the back of a lorry? (3) In what order do traffic lights change, and what experimental change has recently been made in this order? (4) At most road junctions "filtering" is forbidden unless specifically permitted—what is it? (5) What do these two picture signs mean: a flaming torch, a bicycle?

(*Answers on page 22*)

With my feet up ★ *by Ian Fox*

Yankee Doodling

My Constant Reader, Hezekiah Shufflebeam, who never misses reading this column, has again been seized with the urge for self-expression. Here is his latest letter:—

DEAR MR. FOX,—My friend Gus has sent me a bundle of last month's American magazines. After reading them and looking at the advertisements, I think I should be frightened to go to America. There are so many things you can't do without and I shouldn't like any of them.

A new car, for instance. You've got to have a car that looks like a chromium-plated block of flats, only longer. Otherwise you don't count. You might as well ride an old push-bike as have an ordinary car.

All the models illustrated have a smashing girl in them, but whether she is included in the fittings or counts as an extra the manufacturers don't say. Perhaps I could take the girl without the car. It would make a nice change.

Or look at clothes. I don't suppose they would even let me into a hotel in my present suit. I should be forced to take a job carrying sandwich boards to keep it out of sight.

Then perhaps I could save enough to buy one of the suits I see advertized. It would be five feet across the shoulders and be made of material which is wearproof, waterproof, windproof, mothproof, non-fade, preshrunk and custom-built with loving care by master craftsmen.

With it I should wear a nylon check shirt, a broad-brimmed hat, and a tie like an explosion in a paint factory.

★ ★ ★

At this time of year, the ads. are full of beach scenes showing what the undressed man will wear. Very nice, but I don't reckon bright yellow shorts with palm trees on them are *quite* my style. My legs aren't right for them. Nor are yours, I shouldn't wonder. I'm not seven feet tall and bronzed from head to foot like the man in the advertisements, so I think I'll just stick to my plain dark blue shorts and a chest wig.

It seems that in America people go a long way for their holidays. The advertisements lure them to Canada, Mexico, Florida, Bermuda, and all stations beyond Chattanooga. When they get there they go surf-riding, tunny fishing, mountain climbing, bear hunting—anything but staying put. Myself, I like to sit down somewhere quiet with my hat over my eyes.

I should be afraid to go into one of those super-kitchens I see pictured. It would be like being in a hospital operating theatre. They are so full of gadgets I might get electrocuted.

I've been frightened ever since someone gave my sister an electric mixer for the kitchen. My brother-in-law was examining it one day when it was working and got his tie caught. It wound his tie into the machinery and pulled his face into the custard.

★ ★ ★

I must say I would like to go to America for their food. It is almost cruelty to dumb animals to let us see their illustrations of food.

They use full pages to advertize meat, as if they couldn't get anyone to buy it. They say steak is full of protein—well, what if it is? I wouldn't refuse it. Animals in America still seem to have kidneys and livers and hearts, which very few have here. I showed a picture of a side of beef to my butcher and he said: "What's that?"

But steak costs 5s. 6d. a pound in America, so I suppose even they can't afford it for breakfast as well.

When my wife saw an American recipe, she fainted. I had to fan her with a ration book to bring her round. The dish contained six eggs, half a pint of cream and enough butter to grease the wheels of Anglo-American relations.

I don't understand their smoking. From what they say in the advertisements, their cigarettes do you good. I don't think tobacco does you good unless it's harmful. I haven't found any American company claiming that their cigarettes actually nourish you, but I expect they will soon.

Well, this is all secondhand information, and I can't see that I am likely to go to America unless I become a G.I. husband, and I don't think my wife would like that. — HEZEKIAH SHUFFLEBEAM, Your Constant Reader.

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

VIEWS ON PRISON REFORM ★ DEMOB THE TEXTBOOKS

conscripted for military service three years later.

I can see no reason why a proportion of our boys—they could be selected by ballot—should not serve a four-year conscription term—three on the farm, one in the Army. — S. W. D. EDWARDES. (Address enclosed.)

He Is Enthusiastic . . .

JOHN BULL has done a great service in drawing attention to the need for prison and penal reform. I hope your readers absorbed every word of Fenner Brockway's excellent articles.

It is to be regretted that the Labour Government, with its vast programme of social and economic reform, has nevertheless failed so far to find time to present a measure for prison reform.

Such a measure would be very largely an agreed one. The urge to reform prison conditions cuts across all parties and no very serious opposition would be encountered.

In years of speaking and writing on behalf of prison reform I have encountered almost nothing but goodwill from the general public. Some people, however, remain doubtful or hostile.

JOHN BULL has given them a chance to make a sober re-examination of the facts.—ROGER PAGE, Prison Reform Council, Petts Wood, Kent.

. . . He Is Sceptical

THE JOHN BULL series on prison reform left me cold.

Crime is rife. Before we start to make prisons into holiday camps, perhaps we could do something for the honest citizens who fought to preserve right living. Perhaps, for instance, we could provide homes for the law-abiding.—ERIC C. EATON, Wotton Hill House, London Road, Gloucester.

Over-stocked

CYRIL JAMES in his article, "Books—Bottleneck in Education" (JOHN BULL, June 7) asks what has happened to the thousands of textbooks printed for the Services in 1945.

Until my release recently I was an educational instructor in the R.A.F. under the Educational Vocational Training Scheme and I discovered that in smaller unit libraries there were often twenty or thirty copies of the same textbook when two or three copies would have been ample.

Last December the E.V.T. scheme ended, so that now even more textbooks could be released.—J. HUGHES, 37 Desford Road, Liverpool 19.

A Licence for Cats?

WHY DON'T WE HAVE licences for all domestic cats? This would provide an additional source of revenue for the Exchequer.

At the same time it would do much to rid the country of the 2,000,000 stray cats that are responsible for damage to gardens and the needless killing of birds, since these could more easily be identified and "put away" painlessly.—L. H. J., Surbiton. (Name and address supplied.)

A Penny Circulates

THERE WAS EVIDENCE of the true value of modern money in the garden the other afternoon. My little boy (aged nine) and little girl (aged five) were playing with their cousins (ages nine and six).

A friend gave the older cousin a penny for running an errand. She accepted gracefully, but, when the donor was gone, gave it to her young sister who scornfully passed it on to my boy. He, very disdainfully gave it to his little sister. And she, having no one to pass it on to, kept it.—JOHN NICHOLLS, 35 Disraeli Road, Ealing, London, W.5.

Financially Distressed

DO YOU NOT THINK it is time someone passed a law forbidding parents to "dock" pocket-money?

My parents continually "dock" mine for every little offence, leaving me financially distressed for the following week.—G. M. (aged seventeen) Blackburn, Lancs.

*** G. M. boldly gives his name and address. We have not printed it lest his parents take the view that he ought to be financially distressed for many, many weeks.—EDITOR.

★ LETTERS *intended for this feature should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

THIS WEEK'S COVER

EVEN if he weren't an artist, Miguel Mackinlay would be distinctive—as a Scotsman born and bred in Spain. When his family migrated to Australia, Mackinlay came to England to study painting. He is now a grandfather and proud of his grandson, whose vociferous objections to being bathed by hands less skilled than his mother's or his nurse's Mackinlay has captured for this week's John Bull cover. Mackinlay's daughter, mother of our clean but protesting cover boy, has herself posed for a painting that has been hung in the Royal Academy. Work by Mackinlay has also been exhibited in Paris and New York.

JOHN BULL July 12 1947

The Portrait of CAPTAIN MOGHRABY

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

Perhaps Miss Kilmartin should never have agreed to paint the police officer's portrait. But did she really paint it?

"THERE IS ONE BELOW," Taha said sulkily, leaning languidly against the door for support. Uninterestedly he glowered at Miss Kilmartin with his one good eye. He considered it an enormous favour that he should have troubled to climb two flights of stairs in the afternoon heat merely to announce a visitor.

Miss Kilmartin sighed irritably. Egyptian servants had been like that since the war and the Allied armies had inflated their wages. She really must sack Taha and get a Sudanese instead. Berbers were so uncouth and hostile. Taha hadn't even added the usual respectful *sitt* (madam).

"What is it, Taha?" she asked in her careful classical Arabic.

"Is one officer."

"I don't know any officers. Is he British?"

"Not British. Is one Egyptian Bey. Poleess."

This perturbed Miss Kilmartin. She foresaw some new torment directed against resident foreigners, or a complaint against the behaviour of her guests at one of her recent studio parties. She was not "bohemian" herself, but felt she ought to keep in touch.

Perhaps the Government had invented a new tax on Europeans. Or perhaps it was all a mistake, and the police officer really wanted Krikor Khosrovian, the Armenian architect on the floor below.

"You'd better show him up, Taha. And bring Turkish coffee for two."

AT the word "coffee" Taha sprang to life. "*Aiwa, sitt!*" He grinned unbeautifully and vanished. A minute later he returned and deferentially held the door wide open to admit a plump gentleman with a toothbrush moustache, in full uniform with polished riding boots.

"Mees—Killa-martin?"

"Yes?"

"I am the Yuzbashi Hamid el Moghraby, Royal Egyptian Mounted Police," beamed the plump gentleman. He held out his right hand awkwardly; then, realizing that one cannot shake hands at a distance of five yards, he removed his tarboosh and waddled forward.

"How do you do, Captain Moghraby?"

"Yes," he laughed uncertainly.

Taha remained at the open door, agape with curiosity. She dismissed him sharply: "Coffee, Taha. *Iggri.*"

Captain Moghraby bowed jerkily from the waist and performed the routine salaam-and-handshake in one movement.

"Are you sure it is *I* whom you wish to see?" asked Miss Kilmartin.

"You are Mees Killa-martin the painter?"

"Yes, I am."

"Please, I will congratulate you on your so successful exhibition at the Lutetia Galleries, in Soliman Pasha Street." The sentence had obviously been rehearsed; he delivered it like a child who has been told: "Now don't forget to say 'thank you for having me'."

Miss Kilmartin looked at him, her curiosity growing. What on earth was he leading up to? Was this a tactful way of breaking bad news?

"That's very kind of you, captain." She forced a smile. "It was actually at the Beaux-Arts, in Kasr el Nil, but never mind. . . . Won't you sit down?"

"Exactly," he smiled unabashed, sitting gingerly on the edge of an armchair. "Most regrettably I was prevented by my uncle's funeral from seeing it myself. But my commanding officer, Miralai Colonel Nawal Bey, tells me that you are the most talented of all foreign artists in Egypt."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," murmured Miss Kilmartin with genuine modesty. She rushed on enthusiastically: "But, you know, there *is* something inspiring about Egypt. The extraordinary brilliance of the light, the strange quality of the colours in the air when the khamseen blows in from the desert, the life of the people, the teeming variety——"

"Exactly." White teeth gleamed as the captain inclined his head with an indulgent giggle, as if Egypt were all his own unaided work.

He looked round Miss Kilmartin's studio. What did this plain, stringy British woman paint? There were canvases of bazaar scenes, fellaheen in the fields, the Nile at sunset, and a few gouaches from her winter holiday in the Sudan, showing magnificent ebony-skinned natives among their mud and wattle huts. His eyes returned doubtfully to meet hers.

"Beg pardon, madame—but you are also making portraits?"

"Well—yes, occasionally. I prefer landscapes and groups, but when a face particularly interests me, I paint it. That old rascal, for instance——" She pointed to a study of a professional fire-swallower she had picked up in the Mousky. "I couldn't resist doing him." She chuckled at the memory. "I never could understand how he managed to do it without singeing his beard!"

CAPTAIN MOGHRABY cleared his throat and shifted to his other buttock on the edge of the armchair. "But," he smiled, "you could resist painting—me?"

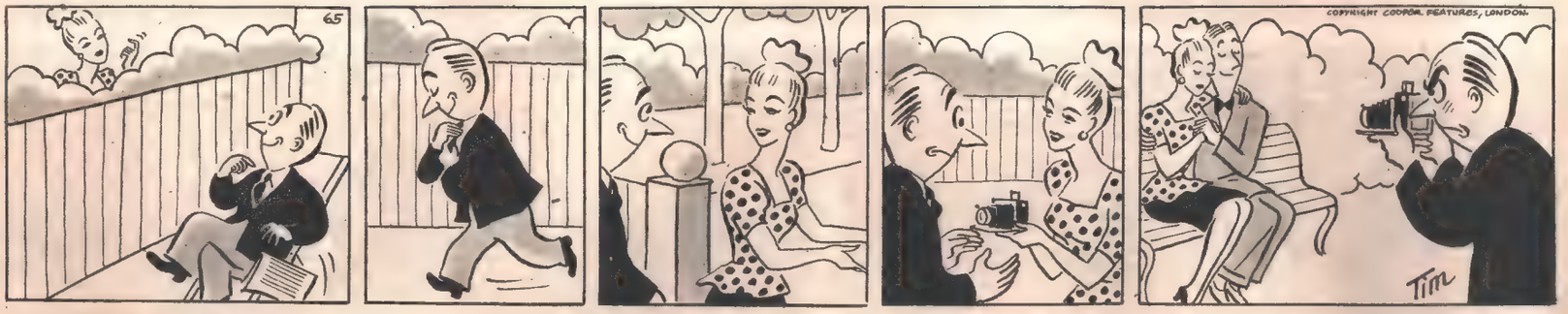
Miss Kilmartin's mouth opened, and stayed open with astonishment for several seconds.

"I would pay much money," he added hastily. "I am—" he gave a superior

"I am the Yuzbashi Hamid el Moghraby" he beamed, holding out his hand awkwardly

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



grimace "—I am not dependent on my officer's pay, naturally. My family has land in the Delta——"

"It's not a question of money, captain." She gazed fascinated at his circular stomach, which seemed to be held together by his Sam Browne belt, and wondered whether it was really true (as the British colony humorously maintained) that promotion in the Egyptian Forces went according to girth. She made a supreme effort at tact: "I doubt if I could really do you justice, captain."

"But please—I would pay——" he said anxiously.

Taha entered with coffee. He grinned suggestively, his overworked eye shooting from Captain Moghraby to Miss Kilmartin and back again.

She smiled: "Perhaps you'd prefer to have coffee on the roof, captain? We have a lovely view of Cairo from there."

"Exactly!" he bowed.

All the city was spread out before them, white and exhausted in the afternoon haze. The panorama, fading into the desert, put Miss Kilmartin into a peaceful and acquiescent mood. Besides, she had lied: it *was* a question of money. She could charge Captain Moghraby a stiffish price for a portrait.

The thick coffee, sipped between gulps of ice-water, reassured them both. He smiled: "You do not take tea at five o'clock, like other English ladies?"

"No. One needs a stronger stimulant in this climate," she said bluntly. "Besides, tea is so expensive. And the natives—"—she corrected herself hastily—"the servants steal it so terribly."

He spread his hands deprecatingly. "Exactly . . . but I am flattered that you have welcomed me with true Arab hospitality—the universal coffee!"

"Oh, I have it every afternoon," she shrugged. Miss Kilmartin had still not learnt to bridge the gulf between West and East tactfully.

Captain Moghraby sighed. All women were contemptible, but Englishwomen, especially unmarried ones about forty, were baffling as well. He could not imagine why, with neither youth nor beauty, they should affect such a haughty superiority.

"Then—you will make my picture?" Captain Moghraby's eyes were liquid with pleading.

"I don't see why not," she smiled. "But as I told you, I'm not really a portraitist."

He raised his brows until they nearly touched the roots of his hair. "But you are an artist, Mees Killa-martin." Obviously he considered the matter settled. Briskly he produced a wallet and displayed a number of ten-pound notes. "I would like to pay in advance."

"Oh, I couldn't. . . . Well, perhaps a little on account."

"Exactly!" he beamed.

Miss Kilmartin named her price and, to her surprise, got it.

Captain Moghraby for the first time sat back comfortably in his chair and placed his hands upon his knees in an attitude of satisfaction and relief.

"Well, when do we begin?" she asked

"Today, unfortunately, is impossible," he answered gravely. "I have not brought my sword."

"Oh, that won't be necessary," she laughed. "I shall have to make preliminary sketches first. We can put the sword in afterwards."

Captain Moghraby's face puckered with mingled anxiety and obstinacy. "It would be better with the sword, Mees Killa-martin."

"Of course, captain. . . . Then let us fix a day for the first sitting."

"Sitting? But it is better that I stand, otherwise the sword——"

"No, no. Sitting doesn't mean *sitting*, necessarily; it means that you come here and I look at you and paint, and——"

"Then you do not require my photograph to copy?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Exactly. . . ." Captain Moghraby mopped his collar. "Beg pardon," he said humbly. "I am a police officer. I know little of such things."

"That's all right, captain. I know nothing at all of police work."

"Exactly." He looked at her intently, decided that this was a joke, and began to chuckle.

"Besides," he said, serious again, "I must be painted in my sash, in full dress uniform. And I shall wear my family ring, which is very beautiful. . . . There are many details to be thought of."

"Just as you wish, captain. Now, about the first sitting. Shall we say Tuesday?"

"Exactly." He rose to go. "If I might mention something important——"

"Yes?"

"Please to tell nobody that you are painting my picture."

"Of course not, captain, if that's the way you want it."

"It is not easy, madame." He pulled nervously at his moustache. "It is not only that you are a foreigner, but——"

"I quite understand," she smiled. But she was not sure that she did.

He tried again. "You see, Mees Killa-martin, it is unusual in Egypt to have one's portrait painted by a woman. Above all, Mees Killa-martin, my wife must not know."

"Ah!" She smiled indulgently. "That would spoil the surprise, wouldn't it?"

"It is more serious than that." Captain Moghraby shifted his considerable weight from one foot to the other. "She must not know that I—that you and I——"

His silk handkerchief came out again and he patted round his collar in great embarrassment. "I wish to say, that in order for you to paint my picture it will be necessary, will it not, for us to be—alone together here on several occasions, without a third person?

Miss Kilmartin began to understand. "If that's all that's worrying you, captain, I can easily provide a chaperone. Taha can remain here all the time."

"Not a servant," he said in disgust. "They can be bribed to deny anything."

"Well, then, a friend of yours?"

"My friends are all officers like myself, madame. They would make fun of me."

Miss Kilmartin began to lose her patience. "Then I suggest that you bring your wife with you," she snapped.

"Unfortunately it is not the custom in our country," he said gravely. "Husbands spend the day with men, wives with women. If I were to bring my wife, it would be said that I was not master in my own household. Also, my wife is an ignorant girl, she would understand nothing of painting."

"I see," murmured Miss Kilmartin, her lips twitching.

"Therefore I implore you, please let the whole matter be quite secret."

"You can rely on me, captain."

He took his leave.

The next two months of Miss Kilmartin's life were dominated by the portrait of Captain Moghraby. He sat to her on two, sometimes three, afternoons a week. He fidgeted. He was in perpetual anxiety because he had left some item of his regalia at home. He could not hold a pose for more than two minutes.

He brought her a huge hand-tinted photograph of himself, taken on the day he had received his commission. That was how he wished to look.

He kept leaving his carefully arranged position on the dais and startling her by appearing suddenly at her elbow:

"My decorations, Mees Killa-martin," he would whisper anxiously. "Will they come out clearly?"

Miss Kilmartin paused to wonder what he had won them for. Staff work, probably.

She herself had seldom seen the police doing anything but parading through Cairo at the funerals of assassinated statesmen, and lining the pavements whenever the King and his retinue, in six crimson limousines, tore through the main streets.

Such occasions were welcomed by Cairo criminals since they left the coast clear for every kind of loot and violence, the entire police force being immobilized by the necessity of looking beautiful and protecting their sovereign.

"The decorations will look splendid," Miss Kilmartin reassured him with conviction; indeed she already feared that they would be the only successful part of the picture.

At the end of five weeks Captain Moghraby had formed the unalterable impression that it was he, and not Miss Kilmartin, who was painting the picture. His self-confidence had increased alarmingly. She dreaded the moment when he would arrive, as he nowadays did, full of creative enthusiasm.

"This morning, as I am driving in my car, I have a tremendous idea."

"Yes?" she sighed.

"It is better, in my opinion, to be painted in my new car. It is yellow, very beautiful, from America. This is quite easily to be done, I think?"

Or again: "Please to make my nose more straight, Mees Killa-martin. I have an accident with it some years ago but this is not nice to be seen."

And later: "It is not good, your idea about the car, Mees Killa-martin. My officer, Colonel Nawal Bey, is of the opinion that an officer of the Mounted Police should be painted on his horse."

". . . The moustache, Mees Killa-martin. A little larger, please. It is now fashionable for officers to imitate His Majesty's style."

". . . I must please appear more happy than you have shown me, Mees Killa-martin. It is an officer's duty to inspire his men and give them courage."

Miss Kilmartin boiled inwardly. Well, she had sold her soul to him. What did it matter for a portrait, anyway? Very well: she would give him what he wanted; a seraphic, idealized fairy-prince picture, pink-cheeked, smooth, sleek and faultless. Perhaps, too, it would lead to other equally lucrative commissions.

At last she flung down her brush. Her sigh of relief had the hissing violence of escaping steam. "There," she said. "Would you like to come and have a look, captain?"

He waddled over to the easel and stood beside her. "It gets very nice," he beamed. "Soon it is finished, eh?"

She stared: "It's finished *now*."

"Ah." His smile vanished. "Exactly."

"Stand back a little. One can't see it properly from here."

Obediently he retreated a few steps. "Yes. It is wonderful." He was struggling to conceal his disappointment, like a child who has been given a prayer-book instead of a model train.

He recovered his poise. "So. I shall take it now?"

"Not yet, captain. We must let it dry first."

"Exactly. You shall send it to my house, then? My driver will fetch it in the car." He wrote out a cheque in Arabic and handed it to her.

"Thank you, captain." She took up her palette again and bent to sign the picture.

"Something is not right?" he inquired hopefully.

"I'm just signing my name." She daubed F. KILMARTIN in her spiky script.

"Ah. But then it will be known who painted the picture?"

"That's the idea," Miss Kilmartin agreed.

"It is necessary?"

"It's the usual thing, captain. The artist has the right to claim his own work, unless he's ashamed of it." Looking at the portrait, she realized that she *was* ashamed of it.

Captain Moghraby looked very worried indeed. "Then—I shall tell my wife that *Mister* Kilmartin has painted it."

Continued on page 21

EMIGRATION TO NEW ZEALAND

SINGLE MEN AND WOMEN who are British subjects and between the ages of 20 and 35 years are invited to make application for migration to New Zealand. **Free Passages** will be available to selected Ex-service men and women, and **Assisted Passages** to selected civilians. Successful applicants will be required to engage in the occupation for which they volunteer, for a period of not less than two years. **At the present time applications will be restricted to the following occupations:**

FEMALES Young women for nursing training in General and Mental Hospitals; Domestic Staff for general hospitals; Clothing Machinists and Tailoresses for men's wear; Woollen Mill and Boot and Shoe Operatives.

MALES Printing Tradesmen (Compositors, Letterpress Machinists and Bookbinders only); Floor-Moulders; Boilermakers; Fitters and Turners; Boot and Shoe Operatives; Inexperienced men for training in the Coal-mining Industry; Unskilled Workers for heavy industries generally.

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All Local Offices and Appointments Offices of the Ministry of Labour and National Service in Great Britain and at Local Offices of the Minister of Labour and National Insurance for Northern Ireland, or at the Office of the High Commissioner for New Zealand, 415 Strand, London, W.C.2.

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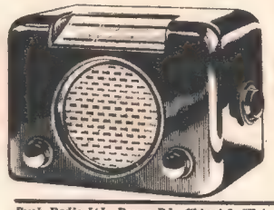

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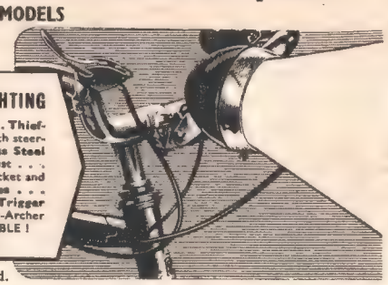

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Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD & LONDON

Continued from page 18

He brightened at the thought. "Yes. Exactly."

He shook hands, salaamed, saluted, and departed, all smiles.

Miss Kilmartin took a short holiday at Alexandria, and then returned to her beloved landscapes and bazaar scenes. For two months she completely forgot Captain Moghraby.

One afternoon Taha roused her from her siesta.

"One spoke by telephone," he scowled. "I did not wake you."

"Who was it?"

"One man. I don't know."

"Really, Taha, you must get used to the telephone, and ask people's names when they ring up."

"This man coming later."

"Coming *here*?" She was at a loss.

She had waited irritably for twenty minutes when the bell tinkled. Taha shuffled down to answer it. He returned sullenly.

"One officer below. Poleess."

Captain Moghraby was looking a little thinner, she noticed.

"Good afternoon, captain. How are you?"

"Thank you. Exactly." He turned and murmured something to Taha in Arabic. Taha went to the top of the stairs and howled a string of orders to some unseen persons below. There was a thumping and creaking on the stairs and a skinny, perspiring workman staggered into the studio carrying an oblong flat package, considerably bigger than himself, done up in hessian. He propped it unceremoniously against the wall.

"Please excuse," beamed Captain Moghraby. "May I show you something?"

"Certainly. . . . More coffee, Taha."

"*Aiwa, sitt.*" The Berber disappeared.

"Well, captain, was the portrait a success?"

He inclined his head, smiling with closed eyes and raised brows, an expression which Miss Kilmartin had long ago learnt to interpret as: "How hard we have to fight the British to get our own way or at least our money's worth."

"It is most lovely," he said softly. "I gave a party to celebrate it. Very great success. Beg pardon." He unpacked the hessian parcel. Miss Kilmartin found herself gazing again upon the portrait of Captain Moghraby, now surrounded by a deep and exceedingly ornate gilt frame which so accentuated the pomposity of its subject that she had to restrain herself from laughing outright.

"It is so nice," Captain Moghraby went on with elephantine tact, "that it would be a shame to let one small fault spoil its perfection."

"Indeed? Which, may I ask?"

"If you will observe, the uniform is somewhat creased—here, and here." He dabbed a sausage-like finger across the pockets and the instep of the trousers.

"But you make those creases naturally when you sit down." Miss Kilmartin stared. "Everyone does."

He shook his head. "In my opinion it is not at all smart. In the police force we have one crease down each leg, so. I do not want people to say, 'This officer cannot afford a good tailor.'"

Miss Kilmartin compressed her lips. "You want me to alter it?"

"I do not like to trouble you, but—exactly. I shall sit in my old position, yes?"

She did a little ruthless work with a palette-knife and brush until Captain Moghraby's legs and hips looked as if they had been cut out of flat paper. He seemed satisfied. The picture was packed up again and carried downstairs by the panting, sweating servant. Captain Moghraby took his gracious departure.

About a month later he came again. An almost identical scene was played,

but this time it was the buttons that worried him.

"They do not look polished," he said distressfully. "My commandant noticed it at once when I showed the picture at the officers' club. He said he could not understand why I had allowed such things to be neglected."

Miss Kilmartin's eye rested on her palette-knife; she wondered whether it was a lethal weapon.

"I shall sit in my usual position?" he went on brightly.

"Don't bother, captain," she said, clenching her hands. Really, there was no earthly reason why she should not throw him out, picture and all. "I can do them from memory."

"It is better that I sit for you," he overruled her. "Naturally every detail must be perfect."

Old, highly-polished brass was easy: a few flicks of chinese white and lemon yellow with a blue streak, and the buttons dominated the entire picture, dazzling one at five yards. Once again Captain Moghraby drank up his coffee with relish and departed, this time with a familiar "Cheerio!"

She was now painfully certain that she had not seen the last of him.

Sure enough, he was back in a fortnight. This time he was dog-eyed and beseeching.

She asked: "What on earth is the matter now, captain?"

"The shirt, madame. I am astonished that I did not observe it myself. But my wife and her mother remarked on it immediately."

"I can't see anything wrong with your shirt," snapped Miss Kilmartin. "Or rather, I can't see anything wrong with the way I have painted it."

"But it is not clean," he protested. "See, here are grey marks. And my face, too—it is dirty as you have painted it. My commandant says it looks as if I have not shaved for two days, and have not washed for a week."

"Nonsense." Miss Kilmartin was obstinate now. "Surely you can realize, captain, that those grey marks—they are actually light blue if you look closely at them—are merely an artist's device to indicate whiteness? There is no such thing in art or nature as a pure white. . . . And as for dirt—these marks are shadows, captain; and this blue bit here helps to give what we call a flesh tint." Oh, what was the use of trying to explain?

"This may be so," he replied warmly. "But that is not what people think. In my opinion, it is not at all dignified to show such things. Madame, I am known to be a clean man. I am taking a shower quite often. I am changing my shirt each week. . . . Sincerely, I must ask you——"

"Very well. But this must be the positively last alteration, Captain Moghraby. I really can't keep fiddling about with my portraits like this."

"Ah, but now it is *my* portrait!" He giggled, and seeing that she was not amused, sidestepped into an embarrassed cough. "Hem. Shall we begin correcting the picture, please?"

Miss Kilmartin turned murderously upon the canvas. The easel squeaked and trembled as she brought her brush down upon it with angry little jabs. Her aesthetic conscience had now entirely deserted her. She no longer cared: she would make a fool of him, she would put mockery into every stroke. When she had finished, he came round and studied it closely.

"Ex-act-lee," he mused. She glanced at him searchingly; no, there was not a trace of deception in his voice. He was gazing enraptured at what he honestly believed to be a faithful reproduction of himself. It was pure chocolate-box. Miss Kilmartin had done her job well: she had given him the colouring of a doll, a cupid's bow mouth, the skin of a cherub, and the eyes of a gazelle.

"You see?" he exulted. "I knew I could get it right at last."

"Exactly," said Miss Kilmartin faintly.

And there, logically, the business should have ended. Yet Miss Kilmartin was only mildly surprised when Captain Moghraby and the portrait came back again barely a week later.

He was definitely fatter, she noticed. But there was something else in his bearing as he waddled into her studio. This time he was bursting out of his Sam Browne not merely with girth but with importance.

"What isn't clean enough now, captain?" she inquired; but the sarcasm was lost on him.

"The picture is lovely, quite perfect!" he beamed. "But do you not notice some change about me?"

She wrinkled her forehead. "You're looking very *well*, captain."

"Captain?" he breathed.

Immediately she noticed the new crown on his shoulder.

"I beg your pardon—Bimbashi! I must congratulate you."

He squeaked with delight. "Exactly. . . . It is for this reason, Mees Killa-martin, that I bring the picture back again."

She shuddered as he unpacked it. She could hardly bear to look at it. She could not believe that she had created this abominable thing.

She nodded ominously. "You want the stars out and the crown in, of course."

"Exactly. It would cause me much ridicule, madame, to be a Bimbashi, and to have in my house a picture which shows me only as a Yuzbashi. In my opinion this would lead to most objectionable talk among my fellow officers, and my family would be embarrassed."

Miss Kilmartin's eyes gleamed with a new resolution as she "corrected" the picture. When the crowns had been placed dominantly upon the thickly padded shoulders of the mythical being in the portrait, and Bimbashi Moghraby had expressed his complete approval, she delivered her ultimatum.

"Watch carefully," she said, poising her brush, "what I am going to do now." With a few quick daubs she painted out the F. KILMARTIN in the lower right-hand corner.

He giggled nervously: "But why do you do that?"

"Because, my dear Bimbashi, it is no longer my picture. It is yours."

"Exactly," he smiled, spreading his hands. Of course it was his picture: had he not paid for it?

Miss Kilmartin was at boiling-point. "I mean," her voice trembled, "that it is you, and not I, who have painted it."

He blushed richly; not with rage or wounded pride, however, but from pure pleasure. "Madame, this is most generous of you—I did not dare to hope——"

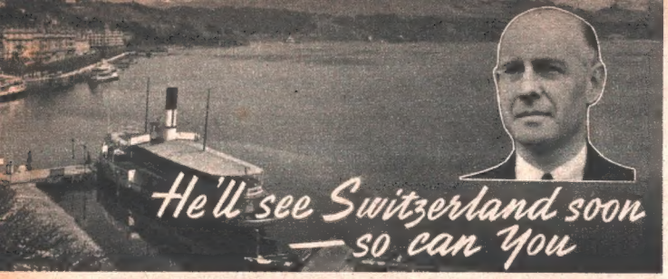
"That is why," she went on remorselessly, "I am going to sign it with *your* name."

Major Moghraby seemed about to burst; not with indignation, strangely enough, but with happiness. "Ah, this overwhelms me, Mees Killa-martin! How can I accept so great an honour? . . . Cannot we *both* sign the picture? There is room for two signatures in this corner—see, they will not hide the decorations!"

"That wouldn't be fair, Bimbashi," Miss Kilmartin choked. "No, I insist that your signature appears alone." She handed him the brush. He took it ceremoniously and in painstaking Arabic capitals wrote HAMID EL MOGHRABY.

He stepped back to admire the effect. Then, with sudden determination, he dipped the brush again and added: BIMBASHI.

For some moments he was lost in ecstatic reverie. Then he produced the tinted photograph and compared it with the portrait. "It is nearly as good as the photograph, is it not? Ah, it is hard for us artists to paint so good as a photograph. . . . Exactly."



HERE, with a background of glorious Swiss scenery, is forty-six years old reader W. Northcott, 9 Vicarage Road, St. Budeaux, Plymouth. Soon, thanks to having entered a neat *Bullet* a few weeks back, this retired R.N. man and his schoolboy son will actually be in Switzerland as *John Bull's* Holiday Guests.

You, too, can win your way to the Alps, by entering a £250 *Bullet* on the coupon from this page. This splendid two-in-one First Prize is supported by a batch of big cheques and Free Seaside Holidays, but you must seize this grand opportunity promptly, for our 1947 *Bullets* Holiday campaign has now only three more weeks to run.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s., if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated August 9, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

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SMOKE AND GRIME
POOR SUBSTITUTE
KILL OR CURE
TO BE HONEST
IGNORANCE IS BLISS, SO
KEPT AFLOAT
ANOTHER MATTER
WRITING ON THE WALL
SEASIDE SNAPSHOT
THINKING AGAIN
AT DAGGERS DRAWN
BLUNDERING IDIOT
LED UP THE GARDEN
WHEN AUNTIE WENT CAMPING

Incomplete "Examples"—see Instructions.

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Post your square below by Monday, July 21.

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XWORD 535

WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Tale. 2, Mood. 4, Hall. 6, Board. 9, Will. 11, Aged. 13, Pen. 14, Stamp.
DOWN: 1, Tanks. 3, Denied. 5, Mail. 7, Shores. 8, Trek. 10, Horse. 12, Tip.

£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: Miss A. Farey, 4 Grosvenor Terrace, Ilkley, Yorks. In addition, winner awarded 850-mile Coach Tour. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 17 entrants. £25 EXTRA HOLIDAY CASH shared amongst 13 prize-winners submitting 8 or more columns for this Contest.

Across Clues. XWORD 539
1. Point of this may expose weakness of defence
2. Many a professional boxer finds his this deteriorating
6. In some cases one is clearly not worth inserting in press
7. Upon examination, these occasionally prove to be blind
11. Expert must take care when he attempts curing of
12. An original thinker's books do this
14. It may well be impossible to fill this, even when desirable

Down Clues.
3. This very much affects how football team gets on
4. Springs occasionally make one more practicable
5. May have bit of a curve
8. Strong wind makes it difficult for lighter to do this just as you want it
9. Student keeping eye on really good crib is given helpful this
10. Suggests boat doing certain work
12. Sick child will look forward to coming of
13. Fortune isn't likely to last long if it goes to

HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest, but extra £25 cash amongst winners entering 8 or more 3d. entries. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated August 2 for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

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Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Wife's Maintenance

"ONE OF MY FRIENDS was unable to get on with his wife and left her. She refuses to divorce him. He allows her £3 a week out of his income of £5 and has to pay 35s. a week for board and lodgings. The wife now threatens to take him to court because she considers he is not paying her enough. He is afraid that she may win her case, and that if he can't pay he may have to go to prison. Can you advise?"

▸▸ The court may grant a wife a separation, but the maximum allowed to her for maintenance is £2 a week. The man could not be imprisoned unless he had the means to pay and refused to do so.

Duties of Executor

"WILL YOU PLEASE advise about the duties of an executor named in a will. What would happen if an executor died before the testator?"

▸▸ An executor's duties are to prove the will, pay all debts, and administer the estate according to the terms stated by the deceased. Should the executor die first another executor may be appointed.

Neighbour's Fowls

"TWO NEIGHBOURS keep fowls at the end of their gardens within seven feet of my house but fifty or sixty feet from theirs. I have asked them to 'split the difference' of the distance but they refuse. Can I do anything about it?"

▸▸ Unless the fowls are a nuisance or a danger to health you do not appear to have any remedy.

Payment Before Probate

"CAN A BANK PAY OUT money from a deceased person's account without first obtaining probate of the will? All the money is bequeathed to one beneficiary."

▸▸ It is in the discretion of the bank manager whether he will pay out the money without requiring the will to be proved.

Increased Rates

"THE RATES HERE have gone up by 3s. 6d. in the pound, and my landlord has sent me a notice of 11d. per week increase on the rent. The house is assessed at £8. Has the landlord the right to demand 11d. extra?"

▸▸ Your rates increase will be just about 6½d. a week and you ought not to pay more.

Health Benefit

"SINCE MARCH, 1946, I have been in sick benefit. I got 16s. 6d. at first but am now receiving only 6s. 6d. a week. Last September I received an arrears card showing to my credit for the contribution year 1945-46 twenty-five stamps, and seventeen weeks' notified sickness, totalling forty-two weeks. Ought I not to receive an increase of benefit based upon forty-two weeks?"

▸▸ The full statutory rate is 10s. 6d. a week, but this has been reduced because you have only forty-two contributions credited to you. For full benefit a credit of fifty contributions is needed. The 6s. 6d. you receive is correct.

Claim by Widow

"I WAS SEPARATED from my husband for a number of years. He died a short time ago leaving everything to his sisters. Am I entitled to claim anything?"

▸▸ If your husband had been maintaining you, and you are unable to maintain yourself through disability, you may apply to court for maintenance out of the estate. Any claim must be made within six months of the will being proved. A solicitor would be necessary to act for you.

Unmarried Wife

"MY WIFE LEFT ME years ago, and when I am released from the Forces I am going to live with another woman. Shall I be able to claim income tax relief for her? Can I claim for our little girl?"

▸▸ Income tax relief is allowed only to a married man who is living with or fully maintaining his legal wife. You can, however, claim the usual allowance for the child who is in your custody and wholly maintained by you. If this is granted you can then claim £50 a year allowance for your "housekeeper," but not otherwise.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 15

CREATURES. (1) Bray, caw, gibber, drone. (2) Partly digested food on which pigeons feed their young. (3) The females have pouches for their young. (4) Because it was thought to appear a cross between a camel and a leopard. (5) The animals rebel against man and run their own farm, but they find that the pigs, who become their leaders, are as hard masters as men.

ROYALTY. (1) Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. (2) Don Juan, third son of the late King Alfonso XIII. (3) Albania; Rumania. (4) Edward VII. Each monarch looks a different way from the last. (No Edward VIII pennies were put into circulation in Britain.) (5) The Duke of Gloucester.

RECENT FILMS. (1) Its music. Carnegie Hall is the principal concert hall in America and the film introduces many famous musicians. (2) *The Beginning or the End.* (3) Pearl White—the "queen" of the silent serial. (4) Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck, alternately kissing and shooting at the end of the picture. (5) *The Best Years of Our Lives.*

SPORTS. (1) Ski-ing—when you climb a steep slope, leaving a herring-bone pattern in the snow. (2) In England in 1948. (3) 35 m.p.h.; just under 22 m.p.h. (4) 180—all darts in the triple 20. (5) The Women's Amateur Golf Championship; the winner was Mrs. "Babe" Zaharias.

ROAD SAFETY. (1) The right—so as to face oncoming traffic. (2) Yes—under Section 29 of the 1930 Road Traffic Act. (3) Red—Red and Amber together—Green—Amber—Red. The Red and Amber together has been cut out at some points. (4) Turning left when halted at a road junction by lights or police. A green arrow will sometimes indicate that you may "filter." (5) School; cycle track.

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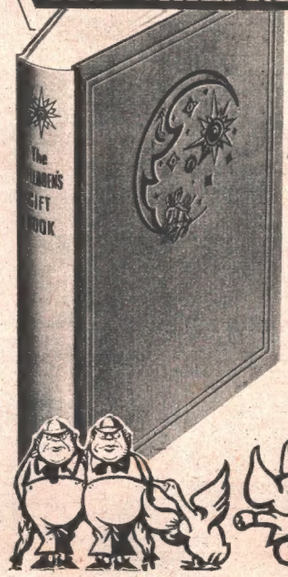

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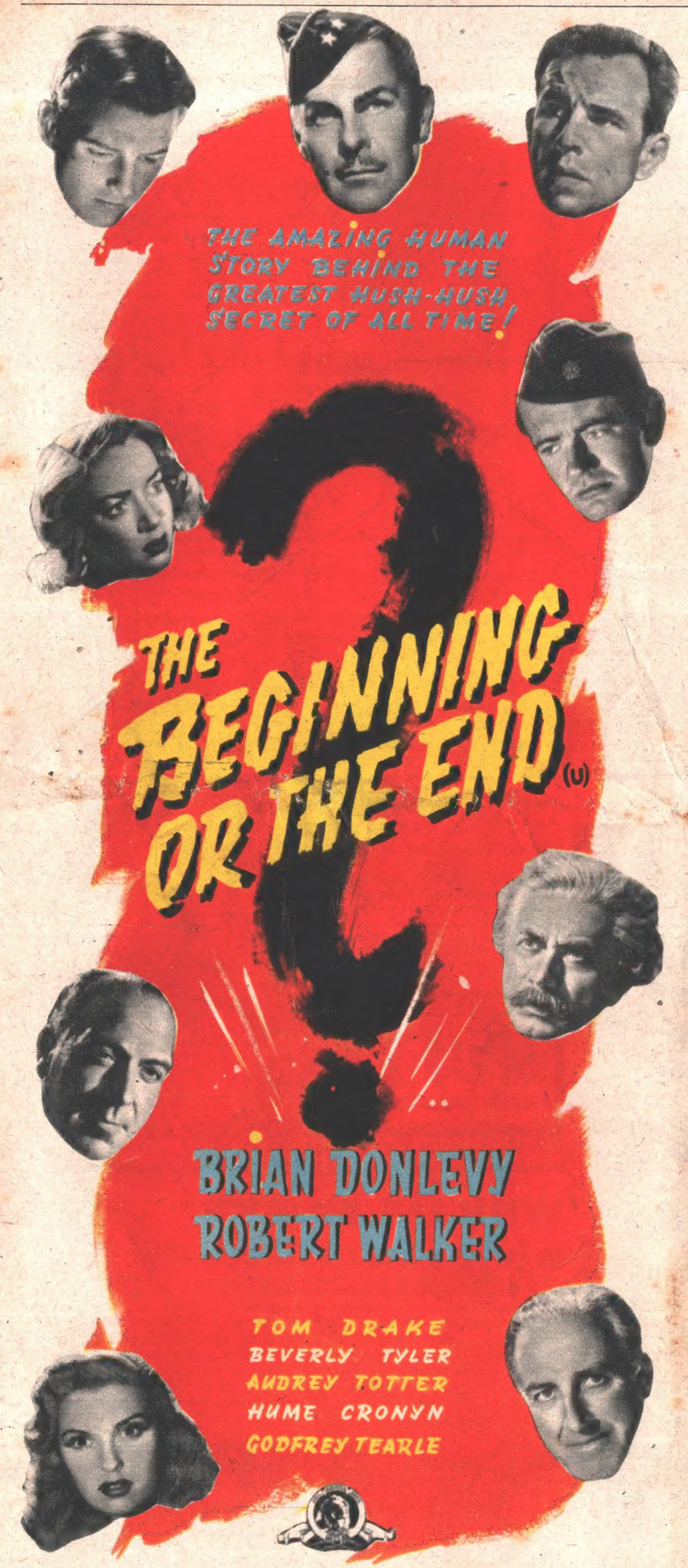

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